



No. 532.—Vol. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

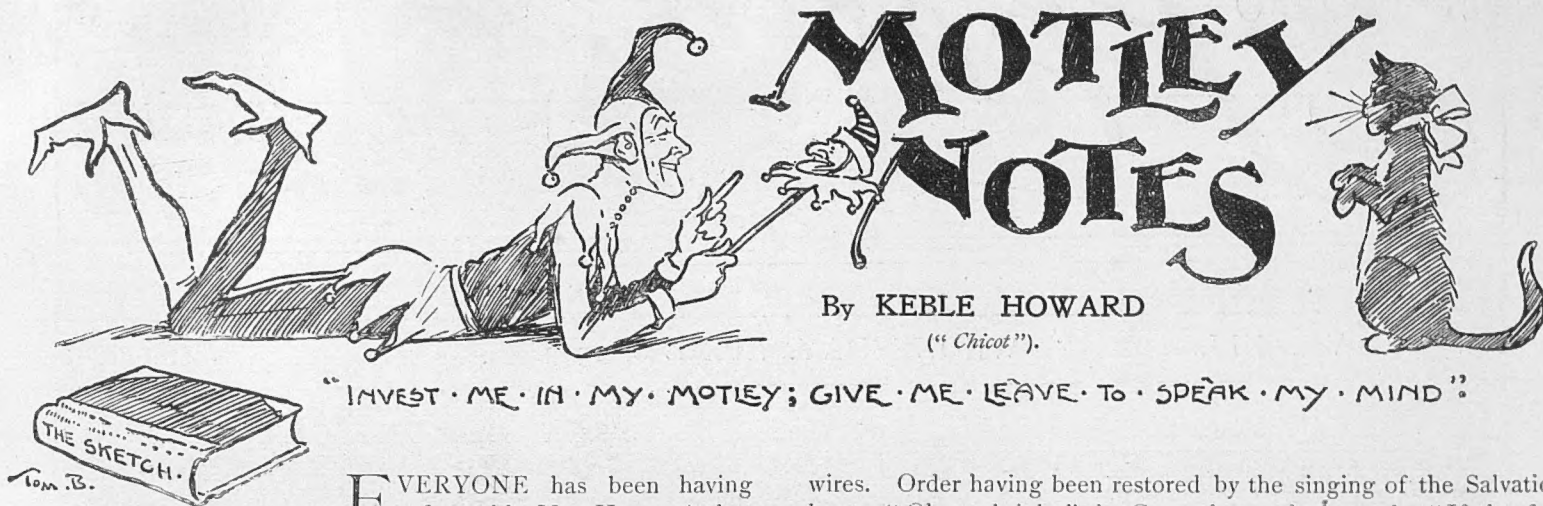


MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AND MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

THIS SUCCESSFUL PLAY WILL BE TRANSFERRED FROM THE LYRIC TO THE NEW THEATRE ON APRIL 20.

*Photograph by L. Caswall Smith, Copyright Rotary Photo Company, Limited.*





EVERYONE has been having fun with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones because, in the article that he has written for the current number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, he states that the only way out of the present dramatic quagmire is the establishment of a training-school for our rising actors. But there is nothing to laugh at in that. Any conscientious dramatist will support Mr. Jones in his assertion, for he will remember, only too vividly, the number of excellent themes that he has been compelled to lay aside for the simple reason that they revolved round a young man in love. There is no difficulty, you see, about the girl in love. We have any number of young actresses who can play the part to perfection. But the young actor who should be her natural *vis-à-vis* is so difficult to find that the poor dramatist has to abandon his original theme and cause the young woman to fall in love with a man old enough to be her Manager. Hence, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says in another connection, the silliness of the British drama. The worst of it is that the silliness is becoming the fashion in real life, so that the modern young woman is beginning to turn up her nose at any male thing who has not, at least, a bald patch at the back of his head. If his eyes are a trifle bleary and his waistcoat a trifle tight, so much the better for his chances of success.

It is ever a pleasant thing to find oneself in the position of a peace-maker. A leading Parisian daily, commenting very favourably upon the "Photographic Interviews" with various French celebrities that have recently appeared in *The Sketch*, goes on to say that *The Sketch* has established a new era in illustrated journalism. Try as I will, I fail to find any trace of Anglophobia in a remark of that kind. But this is not the only instance of the peace-making propensities of this journal. For some weeks past that dear old gentleman, Mr. *Punch*, has been parodying the feature alluded to above in what he calls his "Sketchy Interviews." Now, to the delight of everyone on this staff, we find that Mrs. *Judy* has for once condescended to follow the lead of her pugnacious half and is publishing "Biographic Interviews." The domestic differences of *Punch* and *Judy* have so long been a matter of common gossip that their agreement, even on so small a point, should not be allowed to pass altogether unnoticed.

Whilst I am on the subject of interviewing, you may be interested to know that the first interviewer was a gentleman of the name of Nathaniel Parker Willis, who flourished in the first half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Willis, I need hardly inform you, was an American. His method was a simple one. Holding a diplomatic position in the foreign service of the American Government, he had no difficulty in obtaining letters of introduction to eminent people in this country. His impressions of these good folk, together with reminiscent fragments of their conversation, Mr. Willis promptly published in a book called "Pencillings By the Way." At any rate, this is the story of the First Interviewer as told by Mr. Robert Barr in the current number of the *Idler*. Before censuring Mr. Willis too severely, however, you must bear in mind that all this happened nearly two hundred years ago. The modern American interviewer, of course, is in all respects like unto Cæsar's wife. Coming nearer home, too, everyone admits that the camera cannot lie. So there you are, aren't you?

General Booth, it seems, is lacking either in a sense of humour or a sense of reverence. Whilst he was addressing a large audience in St. James's Hall, Manchester, a Sunday or two ago, a panic was caused by an alarm of fire following upon the fusing of some electric

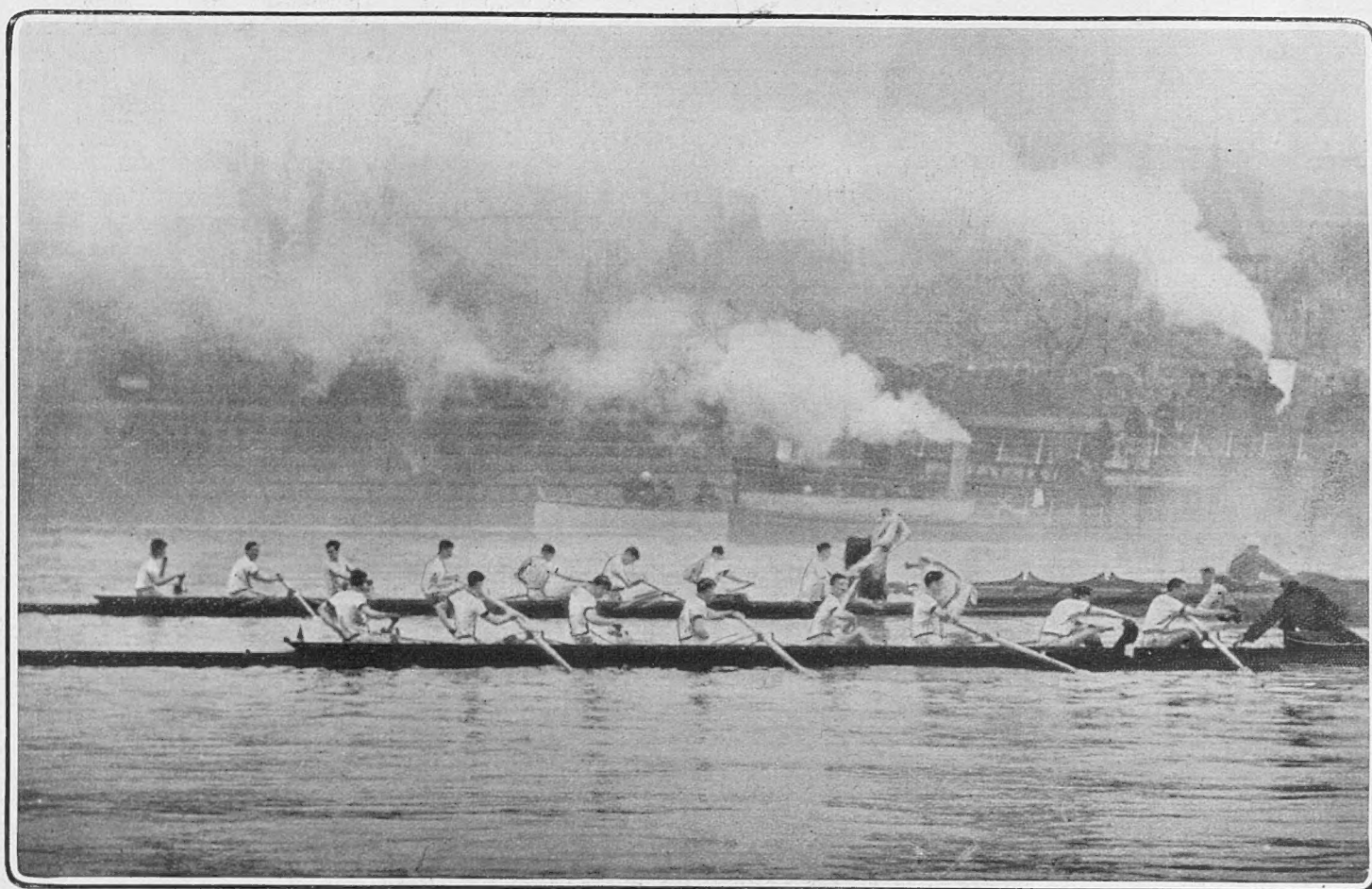
wires. Order having been restored by the singing of the Salvationist hymn, "Oh, so bright," the General remarked sternly, "If the fusing of a couple of electric wires causes so terrible a panic, I wonder what will happen when you hear the last trumpet sound?" In the newspaper report of the affair there is no mention of "loud laughter" at this point, and one is therefore forced to conclude that the Salvationists dropped their eyelids and accepted the rebuke in the spirit in which, presumably, it was offered. It is safe to assert, I think, that Salvationists, as such, have no sense of humour; indeed, to the lack of that humanising quality they probably owe their existence at the present moment. Perhaps, too, that explains the numerical predominance of the Salvationist "lassie" over the Salvationist lad. Mind you, I do not insist upon the point. I merely put it forward, somewhat agitatedly, for the calm consideration of my readers.

Now that the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race is over and done with, perhaps one may be allowed to ask, heretically, whether the British Public is getting tired of this "aquatic Derby." On my own initiative, of course, I should never dare to make any such suggestion; all the same, it has been rumoured that the People have begun to recognise the fact that the Boat-race exacts a great deal of enthusiasm, a great deal of imagination, a great deal of labour, and gives very little excitement in exchange. Disputants may urge that we are a sporting nation, and, on that account, we shall never cease to take interest in this manly struggle. The argument is a good one, I grant you, and yet I fancy I can see the whisperers shaking their heads and almost hear them saying that the contest does not appeal to us so much as sportsmen, but rather as Press-wrought conservatives. For my own part, I reverence the Boat-race as a national institution, and, at the same time, deplore it as a death-trap for any but the abnormally strong. Most boating-men, I believe, could tell you of fine fellows whose premature decease could be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the terrible tax of the race from Putney to Mortlake. One is sometimes inclined to think that the course might be shortened by one-half.

Several ambitious hostesses resident in the wilds of the provinces have written to the Editor of this paper requesting him to publish reliable instructions as to the dancing of the Cake Walk. The Editor, with all that careless good-nature that would appear to be the distinguishing feature of the tribe, has passed the letters on to me. I, in my turn, fly to the description of the "new" Cake Walk written by Mr. Walter Edward Humphrey, of the London Academy of Dancing. Space—and the law of copyright—prevents my quoting Mr. Humphrey in full, but I am sure he will not object if I give my readers one or two samples of his quality. Here, then, are the directions for a gentleman who is anxious to perform step No. 4—"Raise left foot to the right knee in front and spring it to 5th position behind. Repeat with the right foot and continue, travelling backward. Lean forward with shoulders well rounded, and crane the neck forward, looking at partner." Simple, you see, and doubtless effective. No. 6, on the other hand, is a wee bit more intricate. It consists, in the main, of "bounding forward and springing high off the floor with both feet (one immediately after the other), out in front Pas Courant or Run." The gentleman, by the way, "varies this step by pressing the knees together and shooting the lower part of each leg out alternately, at the same time bounding upwards." I think I have said enough to arouse the curiosity of my dancing correspondents. For the bulk of the instructions, therefore, I will refer them to Mr. Walter Humphrey.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH RAIN.



AT THE STARTING-POINT: THE RIVAL CREWS STRIPPING.



A FEW SECONDS AFTER THE START: OXFORD LEADING.

*The majority of the papers have stated that Cambridge led from start to finish. The point is here settled by "The Sketch" photographer.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Our Historic Friendship for Portugal—Sir Arthur Wellesley at Lisbon—  
Bull-fights and Fox-hunts—The Farthest Point South.*

THE King's visit to Lisbon is the most notable outward sign of the friendship of this country with Portugal that Great Britain has shown since she sent Sir Arthur Wellesley to the same city when it seemed as though Napoleon's Generals were going to close the "Spanish ulcer" and to sweep the Peninsula free of any organised opposition to the French eagles. Portugal had faith then in England as she has now, but it had been much tried. The retreat of Sir John Moore—that heroic march with its final battle when the British fought and won to show that a hasty retirement did not impair their *morale* or their fighting powers, however badly some of them might have behaved on the march—had reminded the Portuguese that the British always had their ships to take them away if necessary, whereas they had to stay and face the fierce retaliation of the French, whose methods were not of the gentlest.

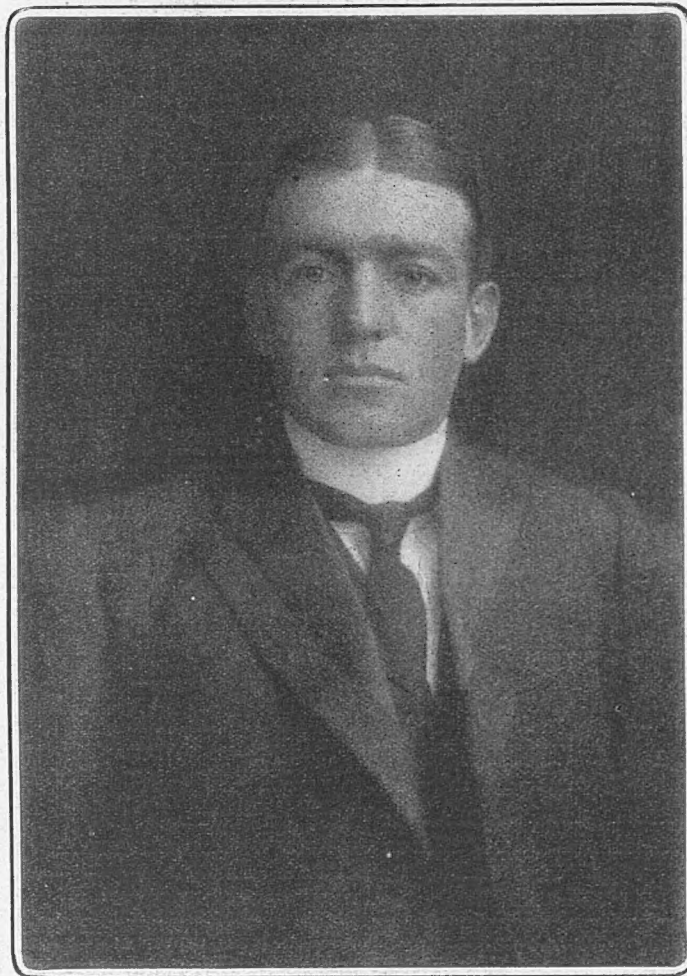
When Sir Arthur landed at Lisbon, all Portugal kept carnival, and in the towns through which he rode to join his army the ladies showered flowers upon him. He inspected his army, and he did not write pleasant things about it to his various correspondents. He noticed, as he walked down the rear of the ranks of the battalions, that a great number of the men had the numbers of Militia regiments on their knapsacks, which showed what wholesale drafting there had been of only partly trained men into the ranks of the Regulars, and the Portuguese troops he thought rather a poor lot and their officers "worse than anything." The army, however, was better than it looked, the Portuguese being most gallant fighters; and not many days later, after the splendid feat of the crossing of the Douro and the rout of the French, the young General had nothing to say against any of his troops except to express a wish that success might not turn their heads. That was the beginning of the final round of the great European fight which ended with the tragedies of Elba and St. Helena, and how doggedly our greatest Commander held to the country he had come to save is shown by the lines of Torres Vedras, which the two Sovereigns may well look at with pride and which remind the Portuguese that England is no fair-weather friend.

There are bull-fights and bull-fights, and a Portuguese bull-fight is never the brutally cruel exhibition that a Spanish one is, so that, even if King Edward had attended an ordinary Portuguese bull-fight, which, of course, was never for a moment contemplated, he would not have seen any animal or man hurt. The bull in a Portuguese ring has his horns tipped with leather buttons; the cavalheiro, who has exhibited the wonderful training of his horse by putting him through the paces of the old Spanish *manège*, shows his horsemanship by keeping his horse clear of the bull's horns; the espada simulates the thrust with a wooden sword, and sometimes places a rosette between the horns of the bull; and the "moços de forcado," sharp lads with leathern nether-garments, display their agility by escaping from the bull just as it seems that he must inevitably toss them. When the bull is tired, some specially trained oxen act as animal policemen and walk him quietly out of the arena.

The exhibition generally given before visiting Kings is, however, not a bull-fight even in the Portuguese sense: it is an exhibition of horsemanship on the part of the young Portuguese nobles, the bull being the object which gives them the reason for their address. In Spain there is a very similar exhibition on great occasions of State, and when the present King of Spain came to the throne the first bull-fight he attended was one of these exhibitions of the horsemanship of the aristocracy, though it did not end as bloodlessly as a Portuguese trial of skill does, for the Spanish public would not be happy unless some animal was killed.

The Sovereigns both of Spain and Portugal have tastes for field sports, and would gladly leave the bull-ring alone. The Spaniards have always had a sullen dislike for the Austrian Queen-Mother, because her influence kept the little King away from the bull-fights until he had ascended the throne. He does not now go for his own pleasure, but a King of Spain who did not countenance the favourite sport of his people would be likely very soon to have to face a Revolution. Don Alfonso is said to hope to wean his subjects from the bull-ring by encouraging race-meetings on Sundays. That would at least mean the glorification of the horse, instead of its utter degradation, for the driving of a poor, halting, blindfolded animal up to a bull to be gored is the lowest water-mark of horse-life; but I fear that the low-class Spaniard wants blood, and plenty of it, spilt on every fine Sabbath afternoon, and that no counter-attraction, unless it is equally brutal, will draw him away from the Plaza de Toros.

The King of Portugal is a splendid shot, as all the world knows, and he encourages the nobles of his Court in all manly exercises. He has a pack of foxhounds at Cascaes, the Brighton of Portugal, and hunts regularly, following the "Iron Duke's" example in this. At first the Portuguese journalists did not quite understand the revived sport, and the preliminary notice of the opening meet in one of the Oporto papers is amongst my most cherished possessions. This is a gem from it: "The foxes are two fine specimens and are already caged. In the festivity there will take part various gentlemen and lady riders, some packs of hounds, and beaters. Some of the gentlemen will be attired *de rigueur*, displaying scarlet coats. The trumpeters, who are cavalry buglers, are already practising." The description of the hunt was equally original, it being recorded that the only human casualty was that of a horseman who was thrown, but "fortunately did not suffer anything beyond the emotion consequent on the fall." The fate of the two foxes was, however, sad. One was cudgelled to death and the other was caught.



LIEUTENANT E. H. SHACKLETON, INVALIDED HOME FROM THE "DISCOVERY" AFTER REACHING THE FARTHEST POINT SOUTH.

*Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.*

The news recently cabled from New Zealand that the relief-ship *Morning* had found and re-victualled the *Discovery* was received with great satisfaction. Commander Scott's official report, though necessarily brief, gives an inkling of the terrible hardships suffered by the members of the expedition. It seems somewhat contradictory to read that they "passed a comfortable winter in well-sheltered quarters" when at least once the temperature fell to sixty-two degrees below zero. Sledging commenced on Sept. 2, parties being sent out in all directions. Lieutenant Royds, Mr. Skelton, and their party created a record in an expedition to Mount Terror, travelling over the Barrier under severe sleighing conditions, with a temperature fifty-eight degrees below zero. Commander Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Shackleton travelled ninety-four miles to the South, reaching land in latitude 80 deg. 17 min. South, longitude 163 deg. West, and thus established a world's record for the farthest point South. Some idea of what this exploit cost them may be gathered from the fact that all the dogs died, and the three officers had to drag the sledges back to the ship. It is little wonder that Lieutenant Shackleton almost succumbed from exhaustion and exposure, and, though he was reported to have fully recovered, has had to be invalided home. The Geographical Society and the world generally are awaiting with keen expectancy the fuller account of the remarkable discoveries made by the expedition.

It seems to be a settled idea in England that no Chinaman can take a valid oath unless he breaks a saucer when he swears, and so we every now and then see in a Police Court that a Chinaman has been sworn by the smashing of crockery. However, this custom of ours ignores the fact that China is composed not of one, but of many different peoples, and that what may be a custom in the South is quite unknown in the North. But all Chinamen in England are sworn on a broken saucer, regardless of what part of the country they come from, with the result that the majority of them imagine the saucer-breaking to be a strange English custom.





MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS MORGIANA IN "THE LINKMAN," AT THE GAIETY.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King's visit to Edinburgh, or rather, to Dalkeith, will be somewhat of a new departure, and curiously recalls Queen Victoria's first official visit to Scotland. On that occasion also the Sovereign stayed at the stately seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, and it was there that Her Majesty held the only Drawing-room ever held by her outside London. George IV. also made a stay at Holyrood, and he held a Levée clad in Highland

dress, which seems to have charmed even those ancient Edinburgh worthies who could still remember the 'Forty-five.

### *Their Majesties' Irish Visit.*

At last there has been made a definite announcement concerning the King and Queen's forthcoming visit to Ireland. Mr. George Wyndham had the pleasure of making the announcement, and July or August is the date fixed. His Majesty is not likely to again miss Goodwood; accordingly, the Irish visit will have to be either early in July—that is, when the London Season is in full fling—or early in August, in which case the Sovereign would miss the great yachting festival, and it may be predicted that their Majesties will in all probability so arrange their trip as to be in Ireland during Horse Show Week. The Sovereign and his beautiful Consort visited Ireland not long after their marriage; on this occasion they were present at Punchestown Races. The Queen has always shown marked sympathy with the Irish people, and, in her own gentle and yet persistent way, she has undoubtedly done much to promote the sale of Irish manufactures:

### *A Royal Family Festival.*

To-day (the 8th) takes place in Denmark a most interesting Royal festival, and one in which our popular Queen Consort plays a very prominent part. The celebration of an eighty-fifth birthday is always a moving and touching function, whether it take place in palace or cottage, and certainly few men in any rank of life have deserved better of their country and of their own immediate family-circle than has done Christian IX. of Denmark. A touching incident in the proceedings will be the unveiling in the grounds of Fredensborg Palace of a monument to the King's lamented son-in-law, the late Czar of Russia. The mighty autocrat was never so happy as when spending a simple holiday in his wife's native land, and of the many charming palaces which were so closely associated with Queen Alexandra's youth and girlhood there was none to which the late Emperor showed such partiality as to Fredensborg Castle.

The Amalienborg Palace, where the Queen is now staying with her father, is in a large square of which each side is formed by a palace inhabited by members of the Danish Royal Family. The whole group is dominated by the King's palace, and it is there that Christian IX. delights to receive his married daughters in the quaint, substantial-looking old building of which the windows look straight on to the pavement where walk up and down his loyal subjects. The Amalienborg is full of memories to our Queen, for, though she was born and brought up in the Gule Palace, close by, when paying her frequent visits to her native country she generally spent some time and was received by her parents in this palace.

### *The Embankment Tramway.*

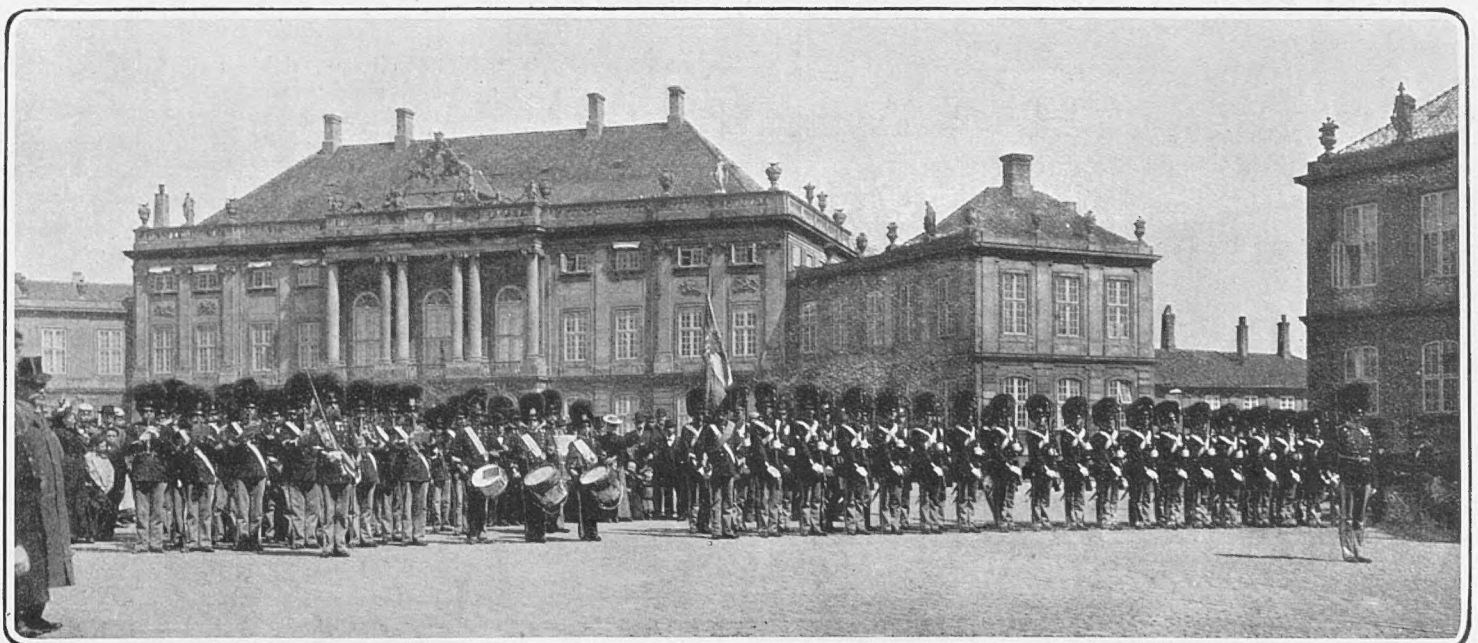
Once more the County Council project for a tramway along the Victoria Embankment and across Westminster Bridge has been defeated by the House of Commons. There was a very keen fight. Several London Conservatives took the same side as Mr. John Burns, and the opponents fell back on the plea that the question ought to be left over pending the consideration of the whole subject of London transit by the Royal Commission. In spite of this plea, the project was defeated by only one vote. Naturally, the champions of the County Council regarded this result as the forerunner of victory, and when the Liberals have a majority—if not sooner—the tramway scheme will certainly pass the Lower House. But what will the Lords say?

### *"Labour" in Parliament.*

Mr. Crooks, the new Labour Member for Woolwich, has lost no time in appealing to the House of Commons in the interests of his class. He proposes that the Returning Officers' fees should be paid out of public funds and that all Members should receive from the State "a reasonable stipend." The style of the public platform clings to Mr. Crooks. In due time he may become as good a Parliamentarian as the Member for Battersea, but, meantime, his statements are too sweeping. He made himself very quickly at home in the "British House of Commons." With left fist stuck against his side, he gave mere University men a very plain account of their defects last week. Mr. Crooks has an agreeable voice and a frank, manly manner, besides a broad chest and a strong voice. The Liberals are making much of him.

### *"The Musical Member."*

Legal Members are described as "honourable and learned." Military men in the House are "honourable and gallant." Mr. John Bright was once described as "honourable and reverend." A few days ago, an opponent described Mr. Galloway as "the honourable and musical" Member. Mr. Galloway is a Manchester engineer and represents a division of his town. He is very tall, and he is stout, although only thirty-five. In his button-hole he frequently displays a large bouquet. Mr. Galloway has an air of fashion, but he does not neglect Parliament, nor does he desert the Government on critical occasions. The "honourable and musical" Member sang in the choir at the Coronation and is an advocate of a Municipal Opera House.



WHERE QUEEN ALEXANDRA IS STAYING: THE AMALIENBORG PALACE, COPENHAGEN.



*Kew Bridge.*

The King and Queen are going to open the new bridge at Kew with a good deal of ceremony early next month. The structure is a great improvement from the utilitarian point of view upon the old bridge, for it will be much wider and will not be troubled with the steep rise which made the former bridge so dangerous to cross when there was much traffic. But already it is proposed to make the new bridge as awkward for traffic as the old one was, for the suggestion has been made that the electric-trams should be allowed to run across the bridge and so unite Hammersmith and Richmond. The junction of the two lines would, no doubt, be a great convenience to many people; but, wide as the bridge will be, it will be too narrow to accommodate huge electric-trams in addition to the other traffic which will make use of it. Moreover, the road from Kew to Richmond is far too narrow for the great trams which run west from Hammersmith, and the inconvenience to other vehicles will be such that things will be considerably worse than they now are. The trams should have a bridge of their own and a road of their own, for their monopoly of the highways is a nuisance to all the rest of the world.

*A London Beauty.*

Nowadays, the country is so much the fashion that one hears far more of beautiful maids and matrons in country Society than of those whose charms are framed by London streets and squares. The upper professional world can boast, however, of as many beauties as that bordered by hedgerows, and of London beauties few are so pretty and charming as Miss Scanes Spicer, the daughter of the famous nose, throat, and ear specialist. Dr. Scanes Spicer, like most of his professional brethren, is a man of wide interests and attainments. During his brief holidays he has found time to travel and to hear some of the best music on the Continent, and his daughter shares many of his tastes.



MISS E. SCANES SPICER, DAUGHTER OF THE CELEBRATED PHYSICIAN.

Photograph by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.

*Pitchford Hall.*

Pitchford Hall, where Mr. and Lady Sybil Grant are spending their honeymoon, owes its curious name to a natural bituminous spring, long famed in the neighbourhood. There are few old houses in England more quaint and more picturesque



PITCHFORD HALL, SALOP, WHERE MR. AND MRS. GRANT (LADY SYBIL PRIMROSE) ARE SPENDING THEIR HONEYMOON.

than Pitchford Hall. It is a timber-and-plaster mansion close on six hundred years old, and it belonged to the Earls of Liverpool, from whom Lady Sybil's bridegroom is descended, for his grandmother was the only daughter and heiress of the third Lord Liverpool, who had the honour of entertaining the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria five years before our late Sovereign ascended the throne. Queen Victoria remained on kindly terms with Lady Louisa Cotes, as she became, and stood godmother to her first daughter, the present Lady Grant. Pitchford Hall is now the property of Mr. Grant's uncle, Colonel Cotes. The estate is situated in a particularly pretty part of Shropshire and is not far from Church Stretton.

*The Duel in Austria.*

The Anti-Duelling League, which bids fair to accomplish good work all over the civilised world and has found friends in every European Capital, has received a severe blow from the Austrian Minister of War. General von Pitreich holds that all disputes between officers should be submitted to a Tribunal of Honour which must decide whether a duel is or is not necessary. The League, on the other hand, holds that duelling must not be resorted to under any circumstances, though it suggests formation of a Court of Honour in every Capital. The Austrian Minister of War, who may be presumed to have consulted the wishes of Emperor Franz Josef before he issued his order, has instructed all officers of the Reserve who have become members of the Anti-Duelling League to resign their membership at once. This strong action has provoked considerable indignation among the League's many sympathisers, who realise that a man may have the best of an argument but the worst of a fight. Outside Germany, there is no place where an Anti-Duelling League has more uses than in Austria, for the people are sufficiently near the East and the sun to have strong and hasty passions. Opponents of the League say it tends to encourage effeminacy, and that the profession of arms requires every one of its followers to be ready at any moment to defend his personal honour with his life.

*Morocco and the St. Louis Exhibition.*

In spite of the troubles in the neighbourhood of Fez, the Commissioners for the International Exhibition of St. Louis managed to see the Sultan. They chose reliable attendants and interpreters, started from Tangier, and reached the country's northern Capital in about four days. His Sultanic Majesty was encamped outside the town, and, on hearing their business, placed a tent at their disposal. A day later he received the Commissioners and interpreter, expressed his interest in the undertaking, and decided to have a pavilion in the Exhibition, for which he paid quite cheerfully. To give further expression to his favour, he presented the Commissioners with two splendid horses, together with the necessary permits that would enable them to leave the country. Unfortunately for the Commissioners, the horses could not endure the journey across the Atlantic; they fared no better than "Jingo," and were treated in the same way. It is very difficult indeed to get the pure Arab horse to another country.

*Notice to Thieves.*

The Company's officials have placed the following notice in the windows of the two stations of the little funicular railway of Montmartre: "NOTICE.—We beg to inform thieves that we never leave either money or valuables in these stations at night-time. It is therefore useless to break into these stations. You are requested to inform other thieves of this fact, in order that they may not waste their time on a useless job." If the officials are as polite to the general public as they are to the thieves, the line must be a very pleasant one to travel by.



*The Latest Motor Craze.*

Mrs. Du Cros' beautiful little dog may indeed estimate himself a lucky creature, for when he accompanies his mistress out motoring he is as carefully protected from wind, dust, and weather as she is herself, particularly clever and natty being what, for want of a better name, one must call his motoring-goggles. Pet dogs are often very delicate, and motoring must prove anything but a pleasure to many of them, the more so that canine eyes are quite as sensitive as those of ordinary human beings. I shall not be surprised to see Mrs. Du Cros' example followed by other fair readers of *The Sketch* who go in for what is now the most fashionable mode of locomotion and who do not care to motor unaccompanied by a four-legged friend.

*The Cottage at Chalk in which Dickens Spent his Honeymoon.*

A great amount of interest in Dickens and his work is centred in the Rochester district, but comparatively few of the many lovers of the great novelist who traverse the seven miles between Gravesend and Rochester, passing Gad's Hill *en route*, are aware that they pass by the very cottage in which Charles Dickens spent his honeymoon. It lies on the right of the main-road, at the farther end of the village of Chalk. Laman Blanchard, who was residing at Rosherville at the time when Dickens was tenant at Gad's Hill Place, has stated that Dickens and he would often meet at the same spot during their daily walk. "This was on the outskirts of the village of Chalk," he says, "where a picturesque lane branches off towards Shorne and Cobham. Here the brisk walk of Charles Dickens was always slackened, and he never failed to gaze meditatively for a few moments at the windows of a corner-house on the southern side of the road, advantageously situated for commanding views of the river and the far-stretching landscape beyond. It was in that house he had lived immediately after his marriage."

*Where Mr. Pickwick Skated.*

The identity of "Muggleton," a place famous for cricket, has for a long time been associated with Maidstone. "Not above two miles" from Muggleton, so we are informed in Chapter VII. of "Pickwick," was Manor Farm, the residence of that delightful host, Mr. Wardle—or "Old" Wardle, as he was more familiarly termed. The zealous enthusiast in Dickens matters has decided that Sandling stood for "Dingley Dell," and that the original of "Manor Farm" was Cob Tree; and, for our part, we are not disposed to dispute the fact, for no place within two or even more miles of Maidstone better deserves

fit in with "Phiz's" well-known picture, "Mr. Pickwick slides"? The pond, which on that particular morning had been converted into "a pretty large sheet of ice," was in existence long before the pages of "Pickwick" were penned, so the idea that an ardent devotee of the great novelist constructed the pond to fit the picture can be dismissed once and for all. Inside Cob Tree can be found just such a kitchen as Dickens describes and which figures so conspicuously in the account of the Christmas festivities at Manor Farm.

*The Francheschi Vase.*

The six hundred and thirty-eight fragment of the Francheschi Vase has been happily recovered at last. This vase has a singular history. It is a beautifully shaped piece of work, nearly two feet high, with black figures painted on a red ground, the work of the Athenian artist, Clisias. It was broken when it was discovered, in 1844, in a tomb near Chiusi, but Signor Francheschi succeeded in joining the fragments together, and the restored vase was placed in the Museum at Florence. In 1900, one of the attendants, who was a man of violent temper, threw the vase to the ground and smashed it into six hundred and thirty-eight pieces. It was thought that this time the vase was hopelessly done for, but Signor Francheschi, with marvellous patience, set to work to repair the damage. It took him two years of hard work, but at the end of that time the vase was restored all but one piece, which was missing. The man who took the fragment away

has now left it on a table in the Museum, and Signor Francheschi has joyfully completed the restoration of the masterpiece of Clisias.

*Press Subsidies from Monte Carlo.*

Few people realise the full extent of the subsidies granted by the Monte Carlo Casino to Continental papers, or how these subsidies act upon the editorial mind. A very distinguished writer has been on the Riviera lately—a man whose popularity has spread far beyond the limits of his native land. Paris is a very eager reader of all he writes, and he has a roving commission from a very wealthy French newspaper and publishing house. He recently wrote a long article on Monte Carlo and sent it to the leading Paris journal that welcomes all he writes and pays very generously for it. As his stay on the *Côte d'Azur* was coming to an end, he wrote asking for a proof to be sent at once. Then he found that a proof had been sent, but not to him. It had gone to the Casino, to receive the authorisation of the official who presides over the subsidy department. While there was no attack upon the Company that runs the "Strangers' Club and Baths of



MRS. DU CROS' POODLE IN MOTOR-COSTUME.

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.



THE COTTAGE AT CHALK WHERE DICKENS SPENT HIS HONEYMOON.



COB TREE ("MANOR FARM"), SANDLING, WHERE PICKWICK SKATED.

Photographs by W. Dexter.

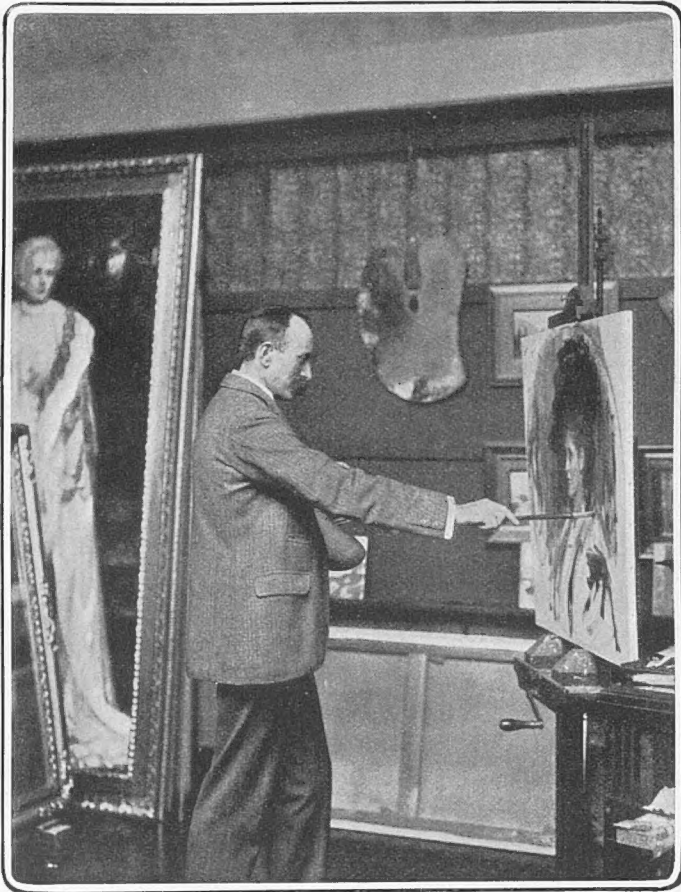
Mr. Pickwick's recommendation, "Delightful situation this," and we are fully inclined to echo the sentiments of "the hard-headed man with the pippin face," that "there ain't a better spot o' ground in all Kent, sir." And, too, as our photograph will show, does not the distant view of the house, with the pool of water in front of it, admirably

Monaco," the Paris paper feared that certain passages in the article might give offence, and so they sent a proof to the Casino, in order to be on the safe side. Let us be thankful that the subsidy business has never flourished in England and that Monte Carlo makes no serious effort to influence public opinion here.



*Mr. Goldsborough Anderson.*

"The Lightning Portrait-Painter" is the title which has been bestowed on Mr. C. Goldsborough Anderson, whose name is a familiar one in the world of art. While it is a tribute to an extraordinary facility in being able to seize the particular characteristics of a face which go to make up what is termed "a good likeness," and to fix them on the canvas,



MR. C. GOLDSBOROUGH ANDERSON IN HIS STUDIO.

*Photograph by William H. Grove, Brompton Road, S.W.*

the artist not unnaturally dislikes the sobriquet, since in non-artistic circles it is likely to convey a suggestion of lack of finish. Though Mr. Anderson works very quickly, his sittings last two or three hours, and while he often does not have more than two sittings, he prefers three or four; indeed, when there is much work on the costume, as in the charming picture of Miss Dean, who is wearing a dress which belonged to her great-grandmother—a portrait reproduced here—he will need six sittings. A good many pictures are, however, done with only one sitting, as, for instance, a portrait of the former Chinese Ambassador, Sir Chihchen Lofengluh.

A couple of years ago, Mr. Anderson had an exhibition of "Fair Women" at the Grafton Galleries which proved that he is especially gifted in the representation of beauty, though in treating men he has also the ability to bring out the strength of their character, as is marked in his portraits of Cardinal Manning (which is now to be seen at Balliol College, Oxford), Lord Avebury, the late Lord Loch, Major William Fox-Pitt, and Cardinal Vaughan. Mr. Anderson is now about to paint a portrait of the Marquis of Salisbury, a presentation picture for Lancing College, Sussex, of which the ex-Premier was one of the original promoters and for which Mr. Anderson has already done six portraits. Though it is only five or six years since Mr. Anderson took to doing such quick work, he has painted over a thousand portraits. His career is the more remarkable in that circumstances sent him for a long time into the business-world, and it was only when he left business that he was able to take up that study of Art which has been the passion of his life. After three years at the Royal Academy Schools, he set up a studio for himself and has had one ever since, while for the last eight or ten years he has been a regular exhibitor at the Academy.

*Goetz and Russia.* A splendid opportunity was offered to the members of the Italian Chamber to evince true feelings of patriotism this week (writes my Rome Correspondent). Italians dearly love a little excitement, and hail with manifestations of delight every shred of an excuse to wax wild with winged words. Here an unlooked-for chance presented itself to them in the shape of the arrest of a certain Herr Goetz in Naples, at the request of the Russian Government. Goetz, apparently, was badly wanted by Russia; not only was he himself keenly desired by the Russian authorities on account of his past history—for he is a Socialist, and therefore, in the eyes of Russia, a terrible criminal—but also he is said to have provided the main sinews of warfare to the Progressive party in Russia in the shape of funds for some considerable time. At his arrest in Naples

the Russian Consul was present. Of course, Russia wants Italy to extradite the wretched man; then it would be all over with poor Herr Goetz. This the kindly Italians are fully aware of. They interpellated the Government with the greatest heat in Saturday's sitting of the Chamber. They made spirited mention of Mazzini; they recalled the hospitality offered to both him and Garibaldi by Great Britain, and asked whether such a dastardly act as the betrayal of an innocent man to his persecutors was worthy of an emancipated country like Italy. Hisses, yells, and what correspond to the British cat-calls were freely indulged in; in fact, a lively time was experienced by the advocates of extradition from start to finish. It is not a very rash prophecy to make that the worthy Goetz will be allowed to remain undisturbed in sunny Naples, despite the eager endeavour on the part of Russia to seize upon his person and his worldly possessions.

*An Awkward Omission.*

An amusing story is related from Kiel, where the Emperor recently attended the launching of a new man-of-war (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent). One of the guests whom His Majesty drew into conversation was a foreigner on whose breast shone a number of brilliant medals and Orders. The Emperor's eagle eye, however, searched them in vain for a high Prussian Order which he had bestowed on the foreigner a year or two since. "Where is my Order?" the monarch presently inquired. "Oh, Your Majesty," the unfortunate one replied, in fearful embarrassment, "I—I wear that only on quite special occasions!" The Emperor's comment on this strange reply is not recorded.

*The German Empress.*

I rejoice to hear that the recovery of the German Empress from her recent accident leaves nothing to be desired. The spot where Her Majesty suffered her disagreeable fall is one of the most beautiful in the Grönwald. The "Empress William Tower," which their Majesties had been visiting, offers one of the most entrancing prospects in the entire Mark. Its view embraces the circuit of the Grönwald, bordered by the blue waters of the Havel with their continual play of wind and white sail, and extends even to the Wannsee—a paradise of villas. As some four or five weeks must necessarily elapse before Her Majesty can recover the use of her arm, it is probable that she will leave the Imperial Palace at Berlin, where her suite of apartments is exposed to the noises of street-traffic. She will in that case temporarily sojourn in the Schloss Bellevue, once the seat of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, the younger brother of Frederick the Great. This picturesque palace, which is familiar to every visitor to Berlin, possesses a romantic association for Her Majesty, as it was there that she spent the eve of her marriage, before entering the city of Berlin as the future Empress. In the gardens which surround the palace the Imperial children frequently play during the residence of the Emperor and Empress in Berlin, and it is there that the Empress awaits the arrival of the Emperor on the occasions when they go out riding together.

A correspondent who saw Ibsen on his last birthday assures me that the aged writer will write no more. The famous Norwegian playwright spends the greater part of his days brooding at the window of his sitting-room, and his only confidant is a young man who acts as his masseur. By the way, Magdalene Thoresen, the popular Danish authoress who died last week, at the age of eighty-four, was Ibsen's mother-in-law.



MISS DEAN IN HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S FROCK.

*From a Painting by C. Goldsborough Anderson.*



*A Neglected  
Literary Shrine.*

The county of Kent is famous in a literary sense, its history including Chaucer, Shakspeare, Thackeray, and Dickens. Devotees to the latter's shrine at Gad's Hill by Rochester are numerous, and said to be increasing since the foundation of the Dickens Fellowship, but there is another great literary shrine that is almost forgotten. I refer to "Tappington," the home of the immortal Ingoldsby family, the legends relating to which first appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," under the name of "Thomas Ingoldsby." The real author, however, was the Rev. Richard H. Barham, whose home, "Tappington," his fond fancy pictured as the beautiful ancestral Elizabethan mansion of the Ingoldsbys. Some people have expressed doubts as to the existence of such a place as "Tappington," but a glance at a map of Kent will soon prove that "Tappington" is a reality if the legends are not. You will find it marked on the map just near to the village of Denton, and close to Barham, from which village the family of the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" took their name. "Tappington" is not the "Manor House" Barham has so often fondly described, but simply a mere unpretending cottage, with a picturesque covering of ivy, nestling in the valley just beyond Denton, on the road that leads to Folkestone. Motorists and cyclists to that fashionable resort should not fail to seek out "Tappington" and pay their respects at the shrine of the departed great.

*A Ducal Fishing  
River.*

The Blackwater is famed among fishermen all over the world, and the Duke of Devonshire, so rich in beautiful English homes, can also boast of having in Lismore Castle perhaps the most ideal fisherman's mansion in the kingdom, for just below the Castle is a noted salmon-weir, as well as the noblest stretch of the Blackwater; indeed, the reach of the

river at Lismore has been compared with that of the Thames at Cliveden. The Duke of Devonshire, though not particularly famed for his piscatorial tastes, has many friends who are enthusiastic disciples of Izaak Walton, and when he and the Duchess spend the Easter recess in Ireland they generally include in their house-party several guests on whom the practical charms of their lovely river will not be thrown away.

The largest railway-engine in Great Britain has just made its trial trip on the Caledonian Line. The engine weighs no less than one hundred tons, and carries five tons of coal and five thousand gallons of water. It is to be

used for the passenger traffic between Glasgow and Perth, on which part of the system the gradients are very steep, and the trains, especially in the holiday season, very heavy. Such a monster engine as this would have been considered an impossibility a quarter of a century ago, but now, with our fast and heavily loaded trains, they are becoming a necessity, so, while light railways are on the increase, heavy engines are following suit.



"TAPPINGTON," THE HOME OF THE IMMORTAL INGOLDSBY FAMILY.

*Photograph by W. Dexter.*



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S IRISH SEAT: LISMORE CASTLE, ON THE BLACKWATER, WATERFORD.

*Photograph by the Excel Company.*



*Mr. de Wend Fenton.*

Mr. West Fenton de Wend Fenton, the Managing Director of Bassano's, has only lately come down from Oxford. He was an undergraduate of Christ Church, a member of the exclusive Bullingdon Club, a Whip to the University Drag Hounds, and represented Oxford against Cambridge in the Annual Steeplechase. He also obtained an honour degree in the School of History. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, racing and

yachting being his chief hobbies. He has several horses in training, which he rides himself whenever the weight permits. His family seat is near Penistone, in Yorkshire, and he also owns property in Shropshire. When in town, he lives in a beautiful flat in Cork Street. Mr. de Wend Fenton takes an active interest in the progress of the firm of Bassano, and has brought skilled operators over from Paris.

Very few people know that Mr. Cunningham-Graham has made several appearances at Olympia among Colonel Cody's rough-riders. The famous traveller, writer, politician, linguist, and orator

MR. DE WEND FENTON, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF BASSANO'S.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

is a still more famous horseman; he is quite a part of any horse he rides and is never happier than when he is managing some fiery animal that nine riders out of ten would have no dealings with. His recent accident, which laid him low and detained him for some time in Fez towards the end of last year, has not kept him from the saddle. I have been surprised to hear that Mr. Cunningham-Graham contributed to the Spanish magazines, and that much of his work there has never been seen in English dress. All readers of his "Moghreb al Aksa," "Thirteen Stories," "Ipané," and "Success," to say nothing of other books not less fascinating, must regret the absence of a worthy translation of the author's Spanish work. Few men have the rare gift of presenting a living picture in well-chosen words; few writers have the knowledge and experience of men and cities that enable them to see and express the humour and irony of every civilisation's conventions.

*Fair Motorists.* Slowly but surely lovely woman is taking her place at the wheel. And who shall say her nay? After all, she has again and again shown us how deftly and certainly she can tool her team down the "Ladies' Mile," how she can con a

yacht or steer an eight, so that I am at a loss to divine any reason why she should not handle wheel, strike gear, and press pedals with the best of us. Mrs. Hugh Weguelin, Mrs. T. B. Browne, and Miss Vera Butler have long since shown how completely our English *automobilistes* can emulate their sisters across the Channel, and, in anything requiring a cool head, nerve, and resource, who shall say our athletically bred English girl cannot keep abreast of her French sister? And there are signs that she is doing so, for during the past few days I have met no less than four up-to-date automobiles driven and occupied by ladies only. One shudders to think what these dear women would do if they sustained a puncture or if something nasty and messy went wrong with the works; but I have faith sufficient in my countrywomen to believe that they would do and dare all Englishwomen might before they would leave the car derelict and come plainting to their men. So here's to the English *automobiliste*! May she increase in the land!

#### *The Tower of Jezreel.*

On the summit of Chatham Hill there is a colossal structure that forms a landmark for miles round. It is known as "Jezreel's Tower," and was erected not so very many years ago by an extinct religious sect called the Jezreelites. Their leader, one White—or, as he preferred to call himself, "James Jeershom Jezreel"—had previously been a soldier, but found more profitable employment in preaching a faith which promised immortality to all its believers. Money flowed into the exchequers of the "faithful," and the "Temple of Jezreel" was commenced, "for the housing of 144,000 persons who were not to taste death." However,



THE TOWER OF JEZREEL, CHATHAM.

*Photograph by W. Dexter.*

before the building was completed the faith of the immortal Jezreelites received a rude shock. White died, and most of the money also disappeared. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the faith of the Jezreelites in their own immortality died with him. A half-finished, ugly, gaping mass of bricks and iron still remains—a not inappropriate reminder of such a piece of monumental folly.

#### *Monastic Orders in France.*

The recent decision by the French Chamber of Deputies in the matter of the application by twenty-five Monastic Orders for permission to remain in France puts the finishing touch to an action that began in the days of the Dreyfus affair. M. Waldeck-Rousseau was the prime mover in the matter. He found the religious houses were becoming the active propagandists of the Royalist cause, and that they were protected by their constitution from any form of legal responsibility. Many people said that the effort would wreck the Republic, but the Law of Association passed, and the religious houses were given a certain time to register under the French law or be closed. Naturally enough, they preferred martyrdom, and there were some painful scenes associated with their suppression; but the strong common-sense of the people was behind the Government all the time, and, considering all things, the religious associations received little sympathy, perhaps less than they deserved. Now the Chamber of Deputies has given a final decision in the case of the Orders that wished to remain in France; *finis coronat opus*. Portugal and Spain tried to follow the French example, but neither attempt succeeded. In Portugal the Queen is the staunch supporter of the religious houses and shielded them from attack; in Spain the protest came chiefly from the Eastern Provinces, and the late Señor Sagasta would have nothing to do with it—ostensibly on religious grounds, in reality because he had an arrangement with certain prominent Carlists that so long as they took no active steps he would leave the Church in peace.



MRS. WEGUELIN ON HER TWELVE HORSE-POWER PANHARD.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The King in Paris.* It is generally decided by sundry journals that the King, on his return, will leave his yacht at Nice and come to Paris to meet President Loubet (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The rooms at the Embassy that he will occupy are mentioned, and I have even noticed an incoherent series of fêtes that have been arranged, suggesting a mixture of a Mardi cavalcade and a Quatorze Juillet review at Longchamps. The visit of the King is ridiculed in the Faubourg St. Honoré. There is no excuse for it on social grounds, for, beyond the approaching opening of the Salon, there is no event of importance; and there is no political affair looming that would induce His Majesty to spend three days in a railway carriage.

*An Eatanswillian Election.* One cannot help laughing over the election of M. Truy for Montreuil-sur-Mer. The Chambre des Députés—for it is the House itself, and not the Courts, as in England, that decides these points—was asked to declare the election null and void owing to bribery and corruption. It was alleged that drink had been distributed. The two or three half-crowns' worth as usually alleged in England? Never! But one million six hundred thousand "petits verres" of bistroille, which is alcohol in all its glory at a hundred degrees! One million six hundred thousand glasses, even though it be the tradition of the country, was difficult to get rid of, and there will be another poll.

*Public as Critic.* This is intended as an appendage to the Walkley-Jones case. Three gentlemen took tickets for a Chéviillard concert. At the door they were refused admission, the excuse given being that their object was to hiss the performance—just as Mr. Walkley was suspected of a decision to hiss with his pen. The Courts awarded the nominal damages that they claimed, and laid it down that expressions of disapproval were as justified as applause. They were very firm on the point that it was preposterous to stop a man from entering the house because it was supposed that he would protest against the piece:

*The French Song.* There is no nation whose history is so faithfully told by its songs as that of France, and a protest by prominent literary men is made against the clean sweep of national popular songs by English and American ditties. The wail is just. Since Paulus disappeared, I cannot recall a purely French song with a vogue. "The Geisha" left melodious souvenirs here, and so did "Florodora," and they are worked to the bone on orchestra and in the café concerts. What that ever-to-be-spoken-of-with-tears tragedy, the "Cake Walk" dance, has imported from America I dare not think.

*The Horse at Table.* Statistics that I have just been perusing show that the consumption of the horse for table purposes is on the increase and that last year 32,765 were slaughtered and sold. Unpleasant. Intentionally I have never eaten it, but I suppose I have in some restaurant at a fixed price. It seems that down at the Villette there are restaurants that sell only the horseflesh, and have in their service *cordons bleus*. The soup, the entrées, the joint, are Lucullian luxuries, and some of the richest merchants in the quarter are regular clients. The annual banquet of "Knackers," so to speak, is one of the most brilliant in the East of Paris. Only horse is permitted.

*French Robertsonian Play.* The fact that MM. Cyril Maude and Harrison have secured the rights of Pierre Wolff's "Secret de Polichinelle," at the Gymnase, is satisfactory reading for English playgoers. As I write, there is a grand supper going on at the Café Riche to celebrate the one hundredth performance, and the one hundred and fiftieth is to be celebrated, the contented author and manager have decided, by an up-river fête. It is the prettiest and most homely play in its French garb that has been seen for years, and I take it that it will lose nothing in adaptation.

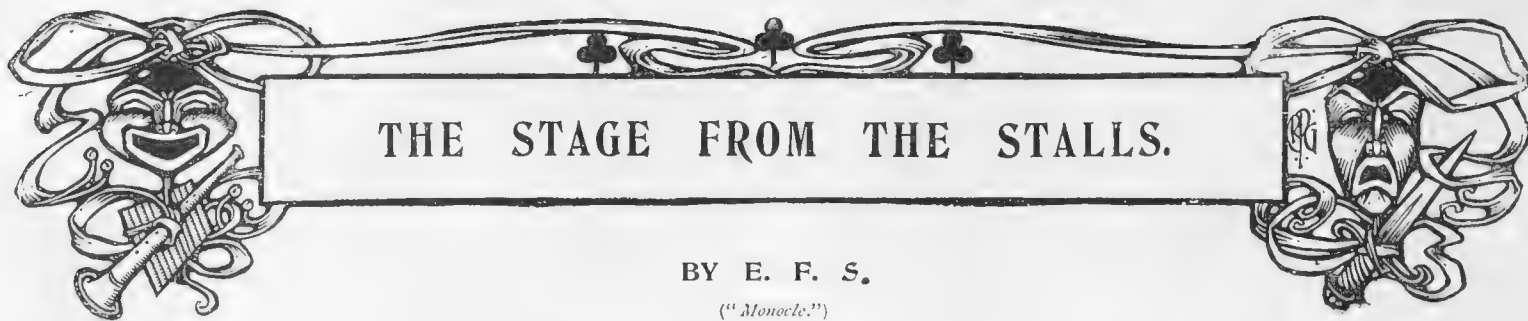
*The French Models.* Those dancing, gay-eyed girls with the artful smile so dear to Dudley Hardy and Greig are disgusted with the whole business and have decided to throw up the affair. They claim that their existence is simply impossible owing to the Italian invasion. For a few sous, instead of the remuneration of old Parisian times, the Italians will pose for hours. It seems that the lot of these girls is very hard, for the Italians have such an assorted family that an artist can paint a Venus who will bring round two cherubs in a basket and throw them in as make-weight.

*Mlle. Charlotte Wiehe.* I was delighted to see this charming actress again at the Bouffes-Parisiens, particularly as there were several delightful songs and dances from her husband M. Bérény's pen in the little play, "Miss Chipp." MM. Carré and Lorde had a capital idea, but never developed it, and perpetrated that impossible error of trying to get fun out of the mispronunciation of English and French words. Miss Chipp is a charming singer and dancer, mixed up with thieves, and she is their queen, for no safe can withstand her deft hand and she never sees anything portable that she does not take away with her. She has no appreciation of right and wrong, and it is only when she falls in love that the scales fall from her eyes. It is distinctly pretty and may improve with a change here and there.



"LA BELLE OTERO," THE FAMOUS PARISIAN DANCER, IN HER SIX HORSE-POWER DE DION MOTOR.





MR. GORDON CRAIG AND MR. H. A. JONES ON THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THE same day, nominally, saw two contributions to the enormous mass of writing about drama—Mr. H. Arthur Jones's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, somewhat inaccurately called "The Literary Critics and the Drama," and Mr. Gordon Craig's letter to the *Morning Post* on "Theatres and Actors." Mr. Craig's demand is that we should have playhouses in which the audience can see as well as they can hear, and he says "a play when produced on the stage is as much a picture as a painting is, and, to view a painting, it is necessary to stand in front of it, the centre of the picture being on the level of the eye." The practical result, if one in fairness avoids a possible *reductio ad absurdum*, is that our playhouse should be all stalls and pit, with a minimum of seats giving a side-view. Obviously, the theatres would hold less money, since, apart from the question of cost, if you increased the ground-area there would come the element of distance, for the writer has ignored the fact that you must not be very near nor very far.

Therefore expenses must be reduced. "Lavish productions will not last," he says, "costly materials will soon be out of fashion, and actors will not continue for long to demand huge salaries." By "demand," I presume that he means "receive." To complain of "lavish productions" and "costly materials" and yet suggest a revolution in architecture in order to enhance the pictorial effect of a play seems paradoxical. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Gordon Craig is an artist endeavouring to make great changes in stage-mounting, and that in "For Sword or Song," despite certain grave errors, he achieved some original and very beautiful effects, presumably with cheap materials. What fundamental theories underlie his ideas I do not know, but his antipathy to the banal, obvious prettiness of some and the excessive gorgeousness of other much-praised productions is well founded. At the same time, his proposition that "a play when produced is as much a picture as a painting is" contains a dangerous fallacy, due to treating a mere analogy as a statement of fact, though, if he changed the words "as a painting" to "as the average R.A. painting" he would be correct. One may speak of a picture as a "perfect poem," a building as "frozen music," of musical compositions as "tone pictures," a Montaro may endeavour to suggest specific colour (in the pigment sense of the term) in language, but to treat such figures of speech as allegations of fact is perilous. The primary appeal of a play, when produced, is to the ear, not the eye, its aspect as a picture is secondary; a picture cannot say anything to a blind man, who yet may enjoy much of a real drama well acted.

Even his theory of the point of view is incorrect, for, owing to the movements of groups on the stage, the true point of view of the picture as a whole is sometimes oblique, and to insist on arranging the grouping always in relation to one point of view might affect the question of dramatic effect. That the pictorial aspect is very important, that many enthusiastically admired scenic effects are as inartistic as an ordinary suburban villa, is certain, that money is wasted shockingly in gorgeous productions is true, and reform is needed; but there is greater need of reform in other directions. If we devote our energies to this side of the matter, we shall still have Barmecide feasts in the theatre, or, to be more accurate, banquets where only the food is vile.

Mr. Jones approaches the theatre from another point of view. Whether he is satisfied with the productions of plays from the pictorial point of view I do not know, but, on the whole, he is gloomy—so gloomy as to feel compelled to justify the optimism of his book, "The Renaissance of the English Drama," published in 1894, or, speaking more accurately, to explain why he was optimistic then. Truly, the present state is cheerless: once more the foreigner and adapter are in the ascendant. Three light comedies and one belonging to the "soppy sentimental" are the current modern English contributions to pure drama in the London playhouses, and may be all that we shall have to show during the season, since Miss Ellen Terry is giving us Ibsen—a fact which I do not deplore—and Sir Henry Irving once more is exhibiting his scorn for our recognised living English dramatists, whilst other announcements include adaptations from Dickens and American plays of the gorgeous-production type.

Certainly the English literary drama seems in a bad way, and, apparently, Mr. Jones attributes this to lack of trained players and of competent critics. In order to get the former, he would seek for a

method of teaching the art of acting ere we found the National Theatre which some deem to be a panacea for ills the existence of which is denied by others. He does not, however, pretend to suggest any method by which we can get the competent critics; and this is not surprising, seeing that it is most unlikely that anyone possessing the qualifications required by him would devote himself to the task of criticising contemporary drama. This thought is comforting, for if those who, like Mr. Grein and Mr. Jones, tell us what we ought to be were less exacting, I should feel it my duty to abandon my career because of falling short of a reasonably attainable standard; as it is, we are justified in struggling on, since no one can be a "polyglot archangel," to use Mr. Raleigh's summing of the Grein standard, or even fulfil Mr. Jones's more moderately immoderate requirements. Probably, if Mr. Craig had handled the topic he would have added as essential elements of qualification a knowledge of and ear for music and a profound sympathetic acquaintance with the plastic arts and an understanding of the technique and theories of painting, and said that we ought to have our eyes examined to see that we are not colour-blind—some art-critics, I believe, suffer severely from what has been pleasantly called chromatopseudo-bleptonism, which means that they are not fit to be railway guards. Mr. Jones's demands I set out verbatim. "Surely the English playwright may ask that in matters of technique he shall be judged by one who understands the numerous intricacies and difficulties of his craft; in matters of literature and art, by a competent student; in matters of morals, by a sane and virile Englishman; in matters of taste, by a person of taste; in matters of manners, by one who is on easy terms with the different classes of English life; in matters of fact, by an honest reporter."

Even this is not all, for the critic is to have a "natural and instinctive liking for the art" and "some faith and hope that the English drama may again become a great art worthy of a great nation." Now, "conscious as we are of one another's defects," I know that none of us can fulfil all this. For instance, how are we to be "on easy terms with the different classes of English life"? Am I really to be at home in Belgravia and Balham, to be acquainted with the manners of Mayfair and the customs of Camberwell, to know what is *la mode* in Piccadilly and *à la mode* in Petticoat Lane? The idea is absurd. The critic comes from middle or upper-middle class, and, if social in habits, knows one or two strata, and as to Mayfair and the Minorities has merely hearsay evidence. How am I to "understand the numerous intricacies and difficulties of a craft" the peculiar technique of which, according to Mr. Jones, is "more difficult to learn than the technique of painting"—a wholly extravagant proposition? If I understood this, I should write plays, not criticisms, since one successful play may yield as much as the whole life-work of a critic. How can I even be sure that in morals I am sane and virile—or even what that means? I thought that "La Veine" and "Les Deux Écoles" were grossly immoral—and very amusing—but, as Mr. Jones found them delightful, I must doubt my sanity or virility in morals. In truth, these critics of the critics ask too much. They seem to be wrong concerning the important question whether the egg is parent of the hen or the hen of the egg, to think that critics create drama, whereas they are merely the outcome of it. Let us have the English drama that is "a great art worthy of a great nation," and brilliant people who now scorn our futile craft will become worthy critics, and we who have been voices crying in the wilderness will humbly content ourselves with silence in the land flowing with milk and honey. But let him not try to induce us to say "peace, peace" by suggesting that "all destructive criticism is vain and stifling toil on the dust-heap of Time." Our dramatists are not dealing with virgin soil, and it is for us to try to clear the ground for them by destructive criticism. Those who destroy help to create: the house-breaker precedes the builder. Even the destructive critic, if he has not faith, may have hope—in one sense of the word—possibly an even more sincere and disinterested hope than that of the dramatist, since the one may be a creator and the other can have no higher ambition than to be a useful parasite. The immediate question between Mr. Jones and the *Times* is not, perhaps, of great importance to the rest of us, for our withers are unwrung so far as this quarrel is concerned. Indeed, I think we ought not to be fired at, for we do our best.





MISS NELLIE SOURAY, PLAYING IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S" AT THE APOLLO.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wignore Street, W.*



## NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

## X.—NEW YORK'S MILLIONAIRE MOTORISTS.

**M**OTORLESS millionaires are almost unknown in New York to-day. For a person of means not to own an "auto" is considered highly unfashionable; in fact, almost improper. It is not so much the company a New York millionaire keeps as the number of his automobiles. Whether the millionaire is fond of



COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR IN A FIVE HORSE-POWER STEAM-CAB.

motoring or not makes no difference, he must own machines and have an automobile stable as an adjunct to his mansion. "No motor, no class," has almost passed into a proverb not only in New York but in many other American cities.

On the north side of Madison Square, near Fifth Avenue, on fine afternoons, a long line of handsome motor-cars is usually to be seen during the "motoring season." This is the meeting-place for some of the "swellest turnouts" in New York. The point of assembly has many advantages. In the first place, it is very central, being near Twenty-Third Street and Broadway, just on the sweep of Fifth Avenue's widest part; secondly, it attracts attention, thereby affording the motorist an opportunity to advertise all the beauties of his machine. Little do ordinary passers-by suspect that among this crowd of automobility—or rather, autonobility—are some of America's wealthiest men. Not infrequently, the smiling face of William K. Vanderbilt, among his intimates known as "Willie K.," and the sterner visage of Colonel John Jacob Astor are to be recognised.

The favourite type of "auto" used by "Willie K." at these festive meets is a five horse-power gasoline road-wagon. Colonel Astor—he is a real Colonel, by the way—has a steam "auto" of the same power as the Vanderbilt one, but of rather simpler design. He is not so addicted to motoring as young W. K. Vanderbilt, with whom it

is a passion. Young Vanderbilt is the chief of New York's millionaire motorists. He owns a number of motor-cars, and has achieved a species of fame by running, at breakneck speed, a motor-car known as the "White Flyer," which has already caused him no end of trouble. When, four years ago, the "White Flyer" was speeding against express trains along the roads of Massachusetts, scores of persons sued Vanderbilt for damages for frightening horses and "nearly running over" no end of children.

Another passionate millionaire motorist is Harry Payne Whitney, though motoring does not claim him wholly for its own. Whitney uses the motor more as a speedy means of getting from place to place than for sporting purposes, though he has some of the finest specimens of motors in New York. Foxhall Keene also "motes," though it is not a fad with him.

Among other persons in the enviable lists of millionaires who gather at Madison Square are the younger members of the Havermeyer



ALBERT C. BOSTWICK IN A WINTON TWENTY HORSE-POWER GASOLINE.

family, who have converted a large number of their friends in their own "set" from horseback riding, somewhat out of fashion now, to motoring.

It was one of the leading lights of the smart set, by the way, who invented the term "automan" as a substitute for the French word "chauffeur." Many of the more democratic motorists have now adopted the word, though it has not yet found its way to England.

For some reason, "automan" does not sound quite so aristocratic as "chauffeur," does it? Perhaps that is what has, up to this time, militated against adoption of the Americanism.

The Madison Square meets, now so famous, are usually held about two o'clock in the afternoon, and there are on view seldom less than twenty-five automobiles—of many different varieties, though all costly. The machines are strung out in a long line, which, when there are more than twenty-five, turns the corner of Madison Avenue and extends some distance along that thoroughfare. On important occasions over a hundred machines have attended a meet.

When all the automobiles have assembled—for regular invitations are sent out for Madison Square meets—various parties of five or six cars each are made up and depart for some rendezvous, either on the banks of the Hudson River or else in the direction of New Rochelle, on Long Island Sound, the run usually being about thirty miles. At the point of assemblage a light repast is indulged in, and the motor-party returns to New York, usually skirting Riverside Drive, which commands a fine sweep of the Hudson River.

Twice annually important motor-races are arranged near New York by various lovers of the sport. These races are held on fine roads especially built for racing. In these displays some of the millionaires take a keen delight.—W. B. NORTHROP.



FOXHALL KEENE IN HIS THIRTY-SIX HORSE-POWER MORSE CAR.  
*Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.*



NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

X. NEW YORK'S MILLIONAIRE MOTORISTS.



DANA WOLFE BISHOP, OF NEWPORT.



HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND PARTY OF FRIENDS.

*Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.*

## MR. ARTHUR MORRISON,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF MEAN STREETS" AND "THE HOLE IN THE WALL."

AMONG the noteworthy artificers in words of our time, the men who "catch the manners living as they rise" and set them down for the benefit not only of our own time but possibly of future generations, Mr. Arthur Morrison has, by the approval of the critics and the acclamation of the public, taken an assured position.

Yet his was no royal entrance into the Kingdom of Letters, for he achieved it by devious ways, and by a slow if steady progress from a starting-place which few people would have thought likely to lead to literature.

The fact is, Mr. Morrison started life as a clerk in a public office; and, after some time, became secretary to a Charity Trust which had its operations in the East-End of London, where he lived for six years. It was there he acquired his wonderful knowledge of the men, women, and children of the district whom he was later on to introduce not only to the West but to the world at large. During those earlier years of his life he used to write for his own amusement. Cycling a great deal, his first contributions were to cycling-papers, which were glad enough to print his work. Very soon, however, Mr. Morrison came to the conclusion that, if the matter was good enough to be printed, it was good enough to be paid for. He said so—and he was paid.

By the time the Trust came to an end he had begun writing for outside journals with such success that he was able to contemplate taking up the work professionally. He was first engaged as editorial writer on the *Globe*, and, still extending the sphere of his labours, he began to contribute to periodicals so widely different in their nature as the *National Observer*, then under the editorship of Mr. Henley, and the *Strand Magazine*. For the latter he was writing a series of detective stories, on another series of which, by the way, he is now engaged for another magazine. This is not because he cares particularly for the detective story as such, but merely because editors know that their readers like them, and Mr. Morrison is peculiarly skilful in the art of weaving them. The plotting of these stories is very easy indeed for Mr. Morrison; his skill is sufficiently attested by the fact that he has written one of ten thousand words in a single day, and he once told an enthusiast that he defied anybody who did not already know to point out which one it was.

When he was a journalist, an article which subsequently became the introduction of "Tales of Mean Streets" was published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, under the title of "A Street." Mr. Henley saw it, was impressed by it, and wrote asking Mr. Morrison to go and see him. He suggested that Mr. Morrison should write a series of stories about the East-End. "I have been thinking of doing it," he replied, "but, as a practical journalist, I do not know any editor who would print them as I would write them."

"I am the editor, and I will print them," said Mr. Henley, and so the "Tales of Mean Streets" were written and published in the *National Observer*, with the exception of three, for Mr. Henley, and with him Mr. Morrison and most of the other contributors, severed their connection with the *National Observer* before they were out. "Tales of Mean Streets," "A Child of the Jago," and "To London Town" form a trilogy intended to depict a portion of life in the East-End, but only a portion, for, as Mr. Morrison has remarked, "to picture the whole of the East-End would be the work of forty trilogies and more."

"Cunning Murrell" differs to a certain extent from Mr. Morrison's other works in that the chief character, instead of being merely one the author had seen and studied, was an exceedingly well-known man who lived in Essex—in which county Mr. Morrison himself has his home—fifty years ago. Murrell exercised a great deal of influence over the people in the neighbourhood. When Mr. Morrison determined to make him the central figure of his story and began to gather data about him, he succeeded probably beyond his imaginings, for he

was able to buy from Cunning Murrell's son many of the old man's manuscripts and letters from clients asking for spells for various purposes, while the wizard's "Conjuration Book" is now one of the novelist's treasured possessions. The reason for the writing of that story is decidedly interesting. Some candid friend, impressed, no doubt, with the author's great skill in dealing with London life, declared it was impossible for him to write a book dealing with the country. Mr. Morrison determined to show him that he could.

For some little while, however—ever since the publication last year of "The Hole in the Wall"—Mr. Morrison has been devoting the greater portion of his time to another department of Art in which he is no less distinguished than as a novelist. He has been writing a series of articles in the *Monthly Review* on "The Painters of Japan," and these articles are now being enlarged and added to, so that, a little later on, they will form the nucleus of a very important book on the subject. It is not too much to say that Mr. Morrison is the

English authority *par excellence* on Japanese painters, and his collection of Japanese paintings and prints has been declared by more than one expert to be the best private collection in Europe. It has a very wide range, for the earlier examples are by the painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the latest picture is by a youth, now only seventeen or eighteen years of age, named Kiyokata. Mr. Morrison is also an authority on, as he is a collector of, Chinese pictures.

Perhaps not the least remarkable circumstance in connection with Mr. Morrison's study of Japanese Art is that he has never been in Japan. Some little while ago, the expert of the Tokio Imperial Museum was in England, and, hearing of this collection, naturally desired to see it. He was much astonished, and found it difficult to believe it possible that any man who had not studied the subject on the spot could have so extraordinary a technical knowledge, proved by the fact that this was the only large collection made by a European in which the expert had been unable to find a single forgery.

It has been said that every man has his double, and Mr. Morrison is no exception to the rule. Most people's doubles resemble them in the external, physical attributes. Mr. Morrison's double, however, does not. For some time it had been borne in upon him that there was another Mr. Morrison somewhere, and several little misunderstandings culminated in the editor of a local paper, who had reprinted

some of the novelist's stories without permission, excusing himself by the positive assurance that he had believed the author to be a friend of his own. At last, on a railway journey to Dover, Mr. Morrison's carriage was invaded by a talkative gentleman whose one subject of conversation was literature. Presently this fellow traveller remarked, "I have a friend named Morrison, the chap who wrote 'A Child of the Jago' and 'Tales of Mean Streets,' you know, and he says—" Mr. Morrison was surprised, and, in answer to a few cautious questions, he learned that Mr. Morrison was a journalist attached to a certain paper. Mr. Morrison grew more interested still, for he was not and never had been connected with the paper in question.

"But surely there must be some mistake," he said. "I know Morrison myself. He is not on the paper you mention, and he is not a red-headed, tall, bony man!"

"But, my dear sir," said the fellow traveller, getting somewhat angry, "you really must allow me to know what my friend Morrison is like—I have known him for years!" Silence being the better part of discretion, Mr. Morrison dropped the conversation. Presently the man got out. He carefully shut the door after him, and, just as the train was on the point of starting, he pushed his head into the window and said, "Good-afternoon, good-afternoon. I am afraid your friend has been deceiving you about the authorship of those books," and, before Mr. Morrison could reply, he was off toward the other end of the platform.



MR. ARTHUR MORRISON AT WORK.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXXVIII.—MR. ARTHUR MORRISON.



"JUST TAKE ME CORRECTING PROOFS. IT WILL REASSURE MY PUBLISHERS."



"THANK YOU. NOW YOU SHALL HAVE A TOMATO."



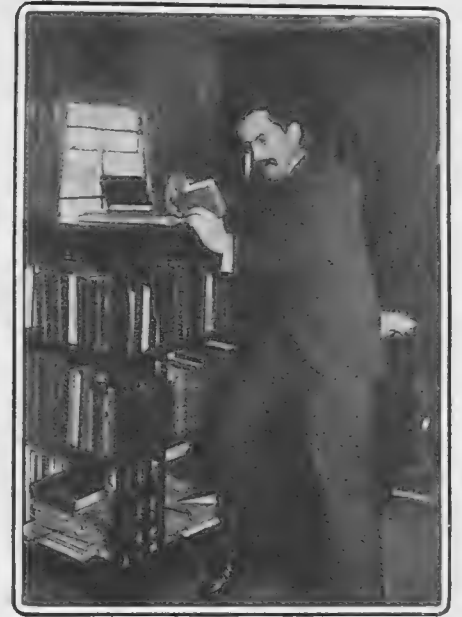
"AND LATER ON, IF YOU COME TO SEE ME WITHOUT THAT WRETCHED CAMERA, THERE MAY BE A PLUM OR TWO."



"HALLO! SOMEBODY'S BEEN DANCING ON MY YOUNG STRAWBERRY-PLANTS."



"PARDON ME FOR A FEW MOMENTS. I MUST PUNISH THE CULPRIT BEFORE MY WRATH EVAPORATES."



"A LITTLE LITERARY REFRESHMENT. THIS IS AN ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT BOOK WRITTEN BY CUNNING MURRELL."



"ONE OF MY MAIN HOBBIES, YOU KNOW, IS THE COLLECTING OF JAPANESE PICTURES AND PRINTS."



"THIS MATCH-BOX I MADE IN THE OLD JAGO. IT IS A BAD ONE, I FEAR."



"AND SO TO THE FOREST, TO REASSURE MYSELF."

## A FAIRY ARCHIPELAGO AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MANY striking attractions are imminent at the famous Sydenham Palace of Pleasure, among them the "Fairy Archipelago," on the lake of the North Tower Gardens. It was officially opened on Easter Monday of last year, but this, in racing phraseology, was but a "preliminary canter." However, it was sufficiently indicative of future prodigality of pleasure-giving. The "Syndicate" are quite

*Par exemple*, there is to be a spacious dancing-platform, along the edge of Sydenham's fair waters, upon which—the platform, not the waters—terpsichorean couples may foot it to their hearts' content, and the sweet strains of a well-equipped band, at all times, and almost at any time. There will also be some convenient alcoves, cool and pretty, where exhausted dancers may dally, and "wall-fruit" cling; and—list, ye thirsty ones!—a fine refreshment-bar. May it never know a Black List! Right in the middle of the lake, between the chute and the dancing-platform, there will be holden an Old English Industrial Fair, where practical demonstrations of weaving, clay-modelling, wood-carving, &c., will be given. It is expected that this will be officially opened by a prominent Society lady.

Located near the dancing-platform—it would seem that the latter is the general coign of vantage of the Archipelago, like Dan Leno's steps of the refreshment-bar at the Tower—there will be a Biograph in good and constant working order. Of side-shows there will be an abundance. You will be able to make the acquaintance of the "Human Spider," enter the "Haunted House" (in which you will experience the strange sensation of standing on your head without falling); the "Palace of Illusions" you will find it hard to resist or dispel, and many other attractions will make you bless the moment when you recklessly flung down your shilling at one of the Palace turnstiles.

There will also be "musical rides" in a thirty-foot ring. Anybody who can mount a horse, and, having mounted it, keep his seat, may ride to music supplied by a band. Much fun of an exciting character may be expected in this department.

The whirling roundabout and the flying swing will be in evidence, and you may "Try a shot, sir," at the "Niagara Rifle Range," where many breathless contests take place for the greatest number of "bulls," "magpies," and "outers," with the accompanying honour of not paying for them.

All the elaborate and mammoth scenery for the Archipelago has been painted by Mr. John England, who has supplied the "settings" for many a notable Sydenham production. He is an old pupil of Mr. T. E. Ryan.

All things considered, it must be admitted that the approaching season in the North Tower Gardens of the Crystal Palace promises to be both entertaining and alluring.



THE ISLAND AND WATER-CHUTE.

satisfied with the progress they have made and are making, and exhibit a reassuring composure as to their ability to be "all right on the night." It is one of those enterprises which depend largely upon climatic conditions, and is practically a gamble with the weather. Therefore, the real success of the undertaking will arrive coincidentally with the advent of our tropical suns and Italian skies. When the wind "bites shrewdly," you cannot expect people to disport themselves in the neighbourhood of an airy archipelago. Those blessed with a fairly lively imagination can, even in the teeth of an easterly wind and beneath the dome of a dull grey sky, easily realise what a really charming and novel spot this will be. Rocks—or a wonderfully realistic counterfeit presentment of them—water, and verdure on all hands; a variety of stalls, all fashioned like rude huts, offering an abundance of attractive articles at popular prices, are built over the water and into the rocks; there are toys, confectionery, photographs, slot-machines innumerable, shooting-galleries, roasted peanuts and popcorn, and automatic musical instruments which mingle the dulcet tones of "Dolly Grey" with the sweet strains of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." On no account fail to take a trip in an electric launch; it is a real treat to glide over the surface of the water, through mysterious caves, under rustic bridges, past elaborate pavilions gay with bunting, the envied of all onlookers who are unable or too penurious to plunge a sixpence!

It would be equally inadvisable to fail to take a flying trip down the chute (the longest in the world), or to valiantly shoot the rapids. The latter is a new sensation, and may be highly recommended for sluggish livers. You descend with the tide—in a boat, of course—on a varying gradient, gathering velocity as you speed. Near the bottom you encounter a sharp curve; here you just leave yourself to Providence and the boat and swish round the corner. When you come out of the trance, you find yourself on level water.

Mr. Mann, who is at the head of the syndicate, points out that the weather last year was about as bad as it could be for them, with the natural result that they fared somewhat indifferently, but, at the same time, he contends that "a Mann is a Mann for a' that," and promises many additional attractions this year. In fact, it is to be a second and higher bid for popularity.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE RAPIDS.

*Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.*



IN AND ABOUT "LA VIGIE,"

SIR WILLIAM INGRAM'S NEW VILLA NEAR MONTE CARLO.



VIEW FROM THE VILLA LOOKING EASTWARDS.



VIEW FROM THE VILLA LOOKING TOWARDS MONTE CARLO.



A RUGGED SPOT IN THE GROUNDS.



SIR WILLIAM AND LADY INGRAM  
AT "LA VIGIE."



THE DRAWING-ROOM, LOOKING FROM  
THE DINING-ROOM.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the most curious and interesting contributions to the Shakspeare-Bacon controversy has been published by Mr. Murray. The title is worth copying in full: "Is it Shakespeare? The Great Question of Elizabethan Literature. Answered in the Light of New Revelations and Important Contemporary Evidence Hitherto Unnoticed. By a Cambridge Graduate. 'They have their exits and their entrances.' With Facsimiles." The dedication is as follows—

To all serious students of Elizabethan literature, Shakspearians or Baconians, Cypherers, Decipherers, or Reviewers, the author wisheth happiness and unite under one head, one motto, and one trilateral banner, thus subscribing himself—

So Reviewers, save my  
Bacon;  
O let not Folly mar  
Delight:  
These my name and claim  
unriddle  
To all who set the Rubric  
right.

The first two lines of the stanza yield us Walter Begley, the discoverer of Milton's "Nova Solyma." Serious students of literature regard the attempt to transfer the authorship of Shakspeare's works to Bacon with impatience and contempt. But the discussion, however futile on the whole, brings out some points of interest, and is especially valuable as illustrating the methods of that criticism which endeavours to assign authorship from internal evidence. Mr. Begley is a diligent student and knows how to put his own side of a case. The other side he answers not by ignoring it, but by failing to conceive it and represent it in its true strength.

His general position is peculiar. He does not hold that Bacon wrote all the dramas and that Shakspeare wrote nothing. Scenes and incidents of the plays, especially those including Stratford names, he gives to Shakspeare rather than to Bacon. But he is firmly convinced that the sonnets and poems, which are comparatively new ground for the Bacon theory, were Bacon's, that Bacon also wrote the finer passages of the plays, and that the frequent revisions and additions were due to his habit of constantly re-writing and altering his work. Neither does he endorse the cryptograms and bilateral cyphers of Mrs. Gallup and others. He will not, however, deny the possibility of a cypher existing in the first folio of Shakspeare.

In this connection, two little volumes on the "Age of Shakespeare, 1579-1631," by Thomas Seccombe and J. W. Allen (George Bell and Sons), are worth consulting. Mr. Seccombe has rapidly gained a reputation for sound scholarship and critical ability. In the "Age of Shakespeare," the authors come to the conclusion that all theories on the sonnets are a mere mass of assumption and guessing. There is no evidence worth considering, and the whole controversy is simply

barren and hopeless. They declare that there is nothing to show whether "W. H." was Southampton or some other patron, or simply some unknown young man whom Shakspeare loved. This is, perhaps, an excess of scepticism. The connection of Mary Fitton with the sonnets can hardly be doubted, and yet it may well turn out that, after all investigation, the mystery of Shakspeare will remain in mystery.

So Dr. Conan Doyle has been persuaded to give us another series of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. For years he resisted the great temptations put in his way by editors, and especially by American editors. But at last the time has come. The news is very welcome, for, in spite of many clever attempts to imitate him, Sherlock Holmes remains quite unrivalled.

There may be a difference of opinion as to the value of Mr. Henley's new poem, "A Song of Speed," published in the *World's Work*, but there can be none as to the excellence of the photograph by which it is accompanied. It is well worth the price of the whole number. Mr. William Archer's preface to the poem has fine touches, as when he speaks of Mr. Henley's "half-defiant, half-adoring theism."

The vogue of Stevenson may have diminished, but the Edinburgh edition of his works still commands a good price, £34 10s. being the last quotation. It is likely that most of our classical authors will yet be represented in the form of the Edinburgh Stevenson. No later size or type has been equally attractive.

The last copy sold of George Meredith's 1851 volume of Poems has brought £33. A copy was disposed of for more than twice that amount, some time ago, which contained at least four extra stanzas of "Love in the Valley"

in the author's handwriting. They were in no respect inferior to those published, and it is much to be desired that the whole poem, in its 1851 form with the stanzas added, should be published. The form in which it is now accessible will never satisfy those who know the poem as the author first wrote it.

I understand that there were advance orders of a hundred thousand copies for "Lovey Mary," by Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's book, "The Four Feathers," is gradually taking a high place in America. It may, however, be noted that no English novel has been so well received on the other side for some time as "Lady Rose's Daughter."

O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—I. IN DAYS MEDÆVAL.



## FIVE NEW NOVELS.

**"THE TAIN OF THE CITY."**By CHARLES EDDY.  
(Arnold. 6s.)

Mr. Charles Eddy appears to know his way about the dingy alleys and sordid courts of the City. At any rate, he is a guide who possesses sufficient knowledge to enable him to make the journey quite interesting to anyone who has the good fortune to be a stranger in the land of "bulls" and "bears." In his latest novel, Mr. Eddy tells of an ingenuous youth who, with no other qualification than his utter ignorance, becomes a director of a Mining Company. The romance of the flotation and subsequent events is well worked out. The author, however, is weak in his love-interest, and the final scenes, in which the ingenuous youth finds himself betrothed to a beautiful cousin with five hundred a-year of her own, are particularly unconvincing. Mr. Eddy would have done better to start with the love-interest and so lead up to his main theme. However, the book is well worth reading, particularly to those who desire to obtain, in an inexpensive way, a superficial knowledge of City matters. The character of Monkheim, a fraudulent company-promoter with an impaired breathing apparatus, is very cleverly drawn, and other good portraits are those of Aunt Maud, George (an honest journalist), Bob Evans (a young stockbroker), and Lord Bayswater, the invertebrate Chairman of the Company. Mr. Eddy's dialogue is natural and unforced, but his general style of writing betrays haste. Perhaps, however, that is attributable to the taint of the City.

**"CORNELIUS."**By MRS. H. DE LA PASTURE.  
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Though Mrs. Henry de la Pasture is not one of our most famous novelists, her books are always well worth reading. Her most recent novel, "Cornelius," is not, as its title seems to imply, concerned almost solely with the fortunes of the character whose name it bears, since Cornelius is only one among what may be termed the principal actors in the piece. Some portions of the novel, depicting life at "The Gwydd," a little cot on a Welsh hillside, are quite idyllic; and yet the book is far more than a mere idyll. There is no tragedy, nor any particularly thrilling episode in the story; still, "Cornelius" holds the attention throughout, and the ending, though happy, is not at all that which the reader is likely to have imagined. Mrs. de la Pasture has struck out a line for herself, and this may be counted as one of the chief merits of her tale. Surely, too, the fact that, with no apparent effort, she always maintains the interest of her story is sufficient evidence of the thorough mastery of her art. "Cornelius" is a novel which will more than sustain Mrs. de la Pasture's reputation. The characters are not only well conceived, their actions throughout are natural, and one feels the better for having made their acquaintance.

**"RICHARD ROSNY."**By MAXWELL GRAY.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

The name of Maxwell Gray stands for a staple article in the market of fiction, and, if "Richard Rosny" has not the better qualities of the book that made this author's name, it is nevertheless a performance of sufficient intrinsic interest. The novel is very much what one expects. There is the usual family imbroglio, with variations, and the inevitable concealed crime or adumbration of crime. Richard Rosny suffered from a step-father for whose death he was in some vague way responsible. Not until almost the last chapter does he break his long silence on the question, and very little comes of it; but the sub-plots and endless incidents, together with an exceeding great army of characters, will doubtless convince the uncritical that here is a great story. To those hasty moderns who are spoiled by briefer and more compact workmanship, and who prefer to trace the fortunes of a few actors, Maxwell Gray's phantasmagoria may seem tedious, but for such it is not devised.

**"SEMI-SOCIETY."**By FRANK RICHARDSON.  
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

In "The King's Counsel," Mr. Frank Richardson told the story of the love of Vincent Skrene for a married woman; in "Semi-Society" he reverses the process, and deals in the main with the love of a married woman for Vincent Skrene. There is much that is clever in the record of the class aptly defined by Mrs. Bernstein as not even meaning Society; much less that is unpleasant, surprising in itself in a story of the type; still less that is overdrawn. Cleverness is evident both in the powerful and at times witty style of writing, and in the characterisation, which is throughout admirable; the unpleasantness is almost wholly connected with the animal-like child, Maurice, and culminates in his hideous murder of his mother's maid; "overdrawn" must, in particular, be applied to the closing incidents of the book, when Skrene, ex-convict though he is, having insulted the lawyer he has retained, dons wig and gown and figures in Court as counsel for the defence of the girl with whom he is in love, and to the action of Smallpage in multiplying the quarter of a million he has stolen by eight for the benefit of the man

he has robbed. Incidentally, Mr. Richardson tilts against a number of social follies—if so light a word can be fitly applied—and, when occasion makes it necessary, demonstrates his ability to skate gracefully over thin ice with such thoroughness that he avoids giving the offence that would undoubtedly have been the result of less skilful manœuvring. His novel is truly a novel without a hero—almost without a heroine, if the heroine is to be judged by the standard set by the writer of melodrama or of "domestic" stories—but it is none the less entertaining, and there is, unfortunately, no doubt that the whole of the characters introduced are true to life.

**"THE ADVANCED-GUARD."**By SYDNEY C. GRIER.  
(Blackwood. 6s.)

A high standard of excellence in an author naturally presupposes a greater measure of severity when the standard is not adhered to, and thus it is that "The Advanced-Guard," excellent enough when judged from the standpoint of the average novel, is a disappointment after such stories as "An Uncrowned King," "Peace with Honour," and "His Excellency's English Governess." In Major Keeling is depicted a fine soldier (more than probably suggested by a living prototype whose name is a byword for sternness and method) who is engaged in subduing the turbulent frontier of the Province of Khemistan. He is a man who sets his teeth and goes ahead, disregarding, when possible, the civilian Governor of the Province, for whom he naturally has a contempt, as being an onlooker at the game of war. In spite of his horror of the society of ladies when work is to be done, he is induced to permit two members of the fair sex to share the discomforts of the advanced-guard—and this, of course, furnishes the *motif* of the story. The regret of the reviewer lies in the fact that the author is more inclined in this and her last book to harp on a rather commonplace love-interest than to rely on the setting of her story, for, after all, it was the local colour of her Balkan Series and the clever way she handled the adventures which rendered these books so attractive. Of course, India being more familiar ground accounts not a little for the interest being less sustained.

## ON THE TABLE.

"The Little Minister." By J. M. Barr'e. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)—Popular edition with eight illustrations by W. Hole, R.S.A.

"John Gayther's Garden and the Stories Told Therein." By Frank R. Stockton. (Cassell. 6s.)—A collection of posthumous stories by the author of "Rudder Grange."

"The Adventures of Oliver Twist." By Charles Dickens. (Chapman and Hall, and Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d.)—A volume of the "Fireside Edition of Dickens," illustrated by Cruikshank's original drawings.

"America at Work." By John Foster Fraser. (Cassell. 6s.)—A series of impressions of commercial America illustrated by photographs.

"The Arcadians." By J. S. Fletcher. (Long. 6s.)—Described as a whimsicality.

"The Bonnet Conspirators." By Violet A. Simpson. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)—A story of 1815: "the days when romance and history went hand-in-hand throughout the country's de where the scenes of this little romance are laid."

"A New Earth." By James Adderley. (Brown, Langham, and Co. 3s. 6d.)—A series of addresses written from a "High Church" point of view.

"A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country." By "Handasyd." (Lane. 3s. 6d.)—A novel.

"The Yellowplush Papers." By William Makepeace Thackeray. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)—Another volume of Dent's Edition, "The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray," so charmingly illustrated by Charles E. Brock.

"A History and Description of the Modern Dogs of Great Britain and Ireland: The Terriers." By Rawdon B. Lee. (Cox. 10s. 6d.)—This is the third edition of a popular sporting book which is illustrated by some excellent photographs.

"The Lady of the Cameo." By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson. 6s.)—The story of the betrayal of a trust.

"All on the Irish Shore." By E. CE. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans. 6s.)—Horsey Irish sketches, with illustrations by E. CE. Somerville.

"Letters from the Holy Land." By Elizabeth Butler. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d.)—A series of letters written by Lady Butler to her mother, with sixteen sketches in colour by the author.

"As a Tree Falls." By L. Parry Truscott. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d.)—The latest volume of the Pseudonym Library.

"Roving Hearts." By R. Hesketh Prichard. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)—A volume of short stories.

"On the 'Polar Star' in the Arctic Sea." By H.R.H. Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. Translated by William Le Queux. (Hutchinson. £2 2s. 1.)—Two handsome volumes giving an account of the expedition on the *Polar Star*, the object of which was to sail as far to the North as possible and then to travel on sledges towards the Pole. The Pole was not reached, but the sledge expedition pushed on to a latitude which no man had previously attained.

**"SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.**

**TO ARTISTS.**—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

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## NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.





LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



IX.—FLOWER-SELLERS IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.



TOM BROWNE

"ALL ONE CLASS": A "TUPPENNY TUBE" STUDY.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### BERTIE AND THE DOOR-STEP.

By JOHN WORNE.



There was rather a stormy scene. It was not the first time there had been a stormy scene, for Eva, though a dear thing, was a little apt to

give way to temper, and Bertie certainly was lax in his view of the duties of a *fiancé*. But not nearly half the things that people said of him were true: in this case, for instance, it really was his cousin with whom he had been seen at a theatre the evening before. But Eva didn't believe him for one moment. And, what's more, she fully intended not to believe him so long as he kept up that irritating "don't care" manner, as if he ran no risk of losing that priceless jewel, her love. She meant to show him this time that he was playing on the edge of a precipice.

She had just denounced him hotly at some length, making it clear that henceforth their paths lay far asunder. "Well, I suppose that's all we need say about that," he said, cheerfully. "I see what you mean. Let's talk of something more pleasant."

"Never speak to me again!" she replied, haughtily; "and kindly leave the house."

"I was talking this afternoon," he said, with an exasperating drawl, "with the man you were engaged to the Season before last." This was a shaft he found useful whenever they parted for ever. "Not Mappam, you know—the other one." She tossed her head indignantly.

"I've often tried to find out from him," he went on, "whether you left him or he left you, don't you know." This was more than anybody could bear. She was accustomed to his frankness: it was one of his charms; but this——

She hurried to the door.

"Are you going?" he said. "I suppose I shall find you at the Wardlaws' to-night? I shall call again to-morrow afternoon."

"You shall never come into this house again!" she said, fiercely.

"Then I shall do something that will make you sorry."

"What will you do?" she asked.

"Build me a willow cabin at your gate, and call upon my soul within the house." They do that in Shakspeare."

She turned contemptuously and left the room, and, finding it dull alone, he went too.

At the Wardlaws' that evening, when he came up for his usual six dances, she was coldly unaware that she had ever been introduced to him. He apologised and brought Lady Wardlaw, who, though she had known them both since childhood, performed the necessary ceremony. Then he discovered that she was sorry, but hadn't a spare dance on her programme. He offered to get her another one, a nice clean one, and write on it himself. She declined, so he danced seven times obtrusively with Maude Noreham, whom she hated, coming up at intervals to inform her that she had dropped her programme and handing her a new one each time, all beautifully filled up with his own initials and the various pet names he enjoyed in happier times. But it was all of no use.

Next day, he appeared at the door at four o'clock and rang. The footman had had strict orders.

"Miss Rowen at home?"—"No, sir."

"Mrs. Rowen?"—"No, sir."

"Mr. Rowen?"—"No, sir."

"Any of the little Rowens?"—"No, sir."

"The nurse, perhaps?"—"No, sir."

"Ah!"

"Shall I say you called, sir?"

"Oh, no; I'm expected! Didn't they tell you?"

"Very good, sir." With difficulty the footman repressed a smile.

As Bertie showed no signs of going, he was puzzled. The situation was new. What does a well-trained servant do when a popular guest, not a tramp, refuses to leave the door-step?

"Don't keep the door open," said Bertie; "there's a draught."

"Very good, sir." The footman put his hand over his mouth.

"Oh, by the way, John!"

"Yes, sir."

"You might just mention that I am here."

"Very good, sir." And he went to the drawing-room. It was Mrs. Rowen's "at home" day, a fact which Bertie knew.

Eva was entertaining two early arrivals. At least, it wasn't really entertaining, but that is what it is called. Solemnly, John announced, "Mr. Bertie Pilkington is on the door-step, Miss."

Eva bit her lip. "You told him Mr. Rowen was not at home?"

"Yes, Miss."

"That will do." John retired, solemnly, and Eva congratulated herself on her happy idea of pretending that he came to see her father. It saved awkward explanations. Bertie stood outside and studied the beautiful brass knocker.

A carriage drove up and two ladies got out. He knew them, shook hands, and rang the bell. John appeared. The elder of the two asked if Mrs. Rowen was at home. John looked at Bertie, hesitated for a fraction of a second, and said, "Yes, Ma'am."

The two stepped inside, expecting Bertie to follow; but he only said, "Is Mrs. Rowen at home?"

John coughed and said, "No, sir."

"Miss Rowen?"—"No, sir."

"Mr. Rowen?"—"No, sir."

"Any of the little Rowens?"—"No, sir."

"The nurse, perhaps?"—"No, sir."

"Very well; shut the door—there's a draught," he sighed.

And, in the drawing-room, Eva had to invent elaborate explanations on the spur of the moment of the unhappy position of dear Mr. Pilkington. "He came to see Papa" was no good at all, for they had distinctly heard him ask for everybody, including the nurse. Eva was very hot and red and changed the subject.

John announced Lady Wardlaw and Miss Wardlaw.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Lady Wardlaw. "Why on earth is poor Mr. Pilkington sitting on the door-step? Such a funny thing to do in Portman Square!"

Eva began all over again, and they all helped to explain, and Mrs. Rowen joined in, and there was general rejoicing at having something exciting to discuss. The poor girl was furious, and, after repeated and violent efforts, had just succeeded in turning the conversation when John announced Lord Bobby Dalmainham (pronounced "Dam").

"How do you do?" said Lord Bobby. "I say, you know, Miss Rowen, what have you been doing to your young man? I had to step over him, and he only wagged his head and said, 'This is what they do in Shakspeare.' Do they?"

So Eva, feeling an almost irresistible impulse to hurl things about, began again the same poor, threadbare explanation, and, glancing by chance out of the window, she saw small boys collecting and a policeman looking on suspiciously from the opposite side of the road. It was a most uncomfortable afternoon. The next visitor who arrived looked deeply concerned and wanted to know if Mr. Pilkington, having lost his fortune, had become a gentleman cab-runner; and yet another, who, with much delicacy, had said nothing openly, retired with a cup of tea into a corner and inquired of a friend whether Eva's cruelty had driven the poor young man out of his mind. It was obvious to all that the subject was a sore one, so they discussed it under their breath in little groups. There was a general impression that Eva had, no doubt, been behaving badly, and an anxiety to discover whether the engagement was at an end and who was to blame, and wherever Eva came the conversation changed suddenly and became commonplace and strained.

"You had better let him in," whispered her mother, hurriedly.

"Never!" she said, clenching her fists and with difficulty keeping back tears of rage.

And through it all she had to smile and smile and be cheerful and witty. Oh, why didn't these awful people go? John came in. She looked at him with apprehension. This time he carried a tea-tray. It ought to be mentioned that he had just been presented with a sovereign and a promise of immediate employment in case of dismissal.

He came up to the tea-table and held out the tray.

"Well?" asked Eva.

He replied audibly: "Mr. Pilkington says, Miss, that he will have his tea very nicely on the door-step."

There was a pause in the conversation, and all eyes were turned on her with interest. She gulped down her wrath, tried to laugh lightly,

and, with trembling hands, poured out a cup for him. It would look too absurd to say "No," or tell the man to send him away, and he certainly should never, never, *never* be allowed to come in.

"Two lumps he usually takes, Miss."

She put the sugar in, and John went out with the tray and a cake-basket. As he reached the door, he turned and said—

"And I was to say, Miss, that, as it is beginning to rain, have you got such a thing as an awning?"

"Take him—take him—an umbrella," she stammered, too miserable now even to care what all these people were thinking. Oh, wouldn't she like to have a firm grip of that young man by the ears! It was some little time before the conversation broke out freely again.

"Shall I take him some hot toast?" asked Lord Bobby, mischievously. She pretended not to have heard the question, so he went out. He was back in a minute and the plate he carried was empty.

"He says they don't have hot toast in Shakspeare," he remarked, solemnly, "so he was grateful, but gave it all to the policeman, who put some in his pocket for the little ones at home."

Eva tried to say something about the affectionate nature of the police, and somebody else suggested that 'bus-conductors ran them close. But nobody knew much about 'bus-conductors except from what appeared in the newspapers. There was some desultory criticism of lightning-conductors, and somebody rose to go. Eva sighed with relief, but it was a long time yet before the trial was over. Each visitor, on departing, found a most elegant young man, beautifully dressed, sitting, with legs crossed, under an umbrella just outside the door. He was cheerful, but would give no explanation. He promised to call soon on all those he knew, provided they would let him in.

"I wouldn't care to do this sort of thing often, you know. Excuse my getting up, won't you? I've got a nice dry paving-stone at present, and it will get wet if I do. Wet paving-stones are so uncomfortable, aren't they?"

"Yes, indeed! Good-bye."

"Feeling comfy, old chap?" said Lord Bobby. "Glad to see you've taken a little nourishment. Been sitting on a volcano inside all afternoon. How's old Shakspeare?"

"You run away," said Bertie; "there's a police force watching you. Ta-ta!"

As a matter of fact, that poor policeman had been in a difficulty too. There was a rapidly growing crowd of errand-boys gazing at a respectful distance, and the situation was so unprecedented. How could he move on a loafer who was on such friendly terms with everybody in the house and had tea brought out to him by the footman? He had, indeed, suggested that an obstruction was created; but Bertie was so genial about it and the hot buttered toast was so uncommonly good . . .

As the last guest went, John was hastily summoned to the drawing-room, where Eva was looking out of the window in fury, after an outburst of tears.

"Why do you allow that—that person to annoy us like this all the afternoon?" she said, angrily, turning round.

"He wouldn't go, Miss. I told him you were all out every time anybody came. It didn't seem to make no difference."

"Why don't you send him away?" She stamped her foot.

"He don't seem to listen to what I say, Miss. I thought you wouldn't be wanting us to have a disturbance by using force, Miss—in fact, I didn't quite know what you *would* want me to do, Miss."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she wailed. "But, at any rate, he can't stay there much longer."

"He has just sent in, Miss, to borrow a rug, in case the weather should turn chilly in the early hours of the morning."

"But—but he can't do it!" she gasped.

"He slept out all through the War, Miss."

"Oh dear! And all those people coming to dinner to-night!" she cried, in despair. "What are we to do? Can't the police do anything?"

"Well, Miss, they would remove him if they knew you wanted it."

"Want it? Of course, we want it! Tell them to send him away at once!" she said, hastily, even as Elizabeth signed the death-warrant of Essex. She was too angry to think.

"Very good, Miss," said John. He went to the door. The shades of evening were falling, and the crowd was getting larger, noisier, and less respectful. There were three policemen near at hand in earnest deliberation, with note-books. Eva watched the proceedings from behind the curtains.

"I'm afraid you must go, sir," said John. "I'm very sorry."

"Not at all!" said Bertie. "Who says so?"

"Miss Rowen, sir."

"I thought you said she was out?"

John coughed. "Yessir, so she was, in a manner of speaking."

"Who's to send me away?" said Bertie, looking thoughtfully up into the umbrella.

"Miss Rowen has told us to tell the police, sir."

"She told you to tell the police?" he said, in heart-broken accents. "Then is all indeed over!"

"Are you going, sir?" said John, gently.

"No!" he replied, with determination. "J'y suis, J'y reste! Ruat coelum, fiat justitia!"

John beckoned sorrowfully to the constables, who approached in solid formation. The crowd cheered.

"Kindly remove this gentleman, who is trespassing."

The policeman who had had the buttered toast touched Bertie on the arm. His voice was gruff, but tinged with compassion.

"You can't stay 'ere, sir," he said.

"Why not?" said Bertie, sweetly.

"I should be much obliged if you would go quietly, sir."

"I would do anything to please you," said Bertie; "but do be reasonable."

"If you would be so kind as to get up and go home, sir. Our orders are—"

"Home!" said Bertie, pathetically. "Ah, if you knew how cold and cheerless is the home you would drive me to! All alone in St. James's, with only two men to tend my—"

"Can't stay talkin' 'ere, sir. Are you goin'?"

"No!"

"Then I'm afraid we must take you to the station, sir."

The other two policemen came near and the crowd pressed round and chuckled.

"Ha!" said Bertie, "you use force. Very well; give me your hand." With their help, he hoisted himself up and stretched his legs. Then he patted the knees of his trousers and put his hat straight. Incidentally he glanced at the drawing-room window and saw the corner of Eva's elbow. "Mind, I'm only coming by force! Where are the handcuffs?" He held out his hands.

"I don't know as there'll be need for that, sir."

"Put 'em on," said Bertie, "at once, or I shall attempt to escape."

"Well, sir," said the constable, "it ain't a usual request—"

So they put them on. Eva saw it and felt a twinge of remorse. The party moved off, with the rabble at their heels.

"One moment!" said Bertie. He stopped just in front of the drawing-room, and for some seconds cast up at the window which he knew to belong to Eva's room a glance containing a most effective mixture of pathos, passion, regret, forgiveness, and despair. Then he passed with bowed head into the gathering darkness, and Eva sank down torn with anguish at what she had done.

An hour or so later, a policeman called with a ragged and dirty scrap of blue paper, folded and addressed to Miss Rowen. It contained in shaky writing, done with some red substance which might have been blood but was probably ink, and embellished with many blots and splutters which were caused possibly by emotion but probably by a police-station pen, the following words—

My heart is broken. You may have forgotten my very name. I do not blame you. I am sitting on a very hard bench. Next to me is a very old lady. She is very drunk. Her head is on my shoulder as I write. I have no right to write. But I cannot go without one last word to one who deigned to love me once. The very old lady has awakened. Darling, I cannot speak of her language. I am a leaky boat adrift on the ocean of life. I badly want bailing out. I call you "Darling." I have no right to call you "Darling," darling. Oh, this bench is hard! Not so hard as the Bench will be to-morrow morning, unless some responsible householder comes round to-night and explains that it is a mistake. But I have no one in my extremity, or, indeed, anywhere. I ask no mercy. I deserve all I get. Few men can say that. I think my mind is wandering. Farewell! May you be happy! Think of me sometimes in my lonely cell. Oh, my broken heart! Farewell for ever!—BERTIE.

P.S.—Any time will do, of course, but get Mr. Rowen to come as soon as you can, dear.

She read this pathetic document twice, through her tears, and then, though it was nearly time to dress for dinner, she hurried on her hat and coat. All the blots on his noble nature were erased, and he shone forth a martyr to her hasty temper. What was all that behaviour during the afternoon, which seemed curious at the time, but a proof of the untamable ardour of his love? How he must have suffered for her on the door-step! And now—! She pictured him in chains, with cropped hair, and stamped all over with horrid arrows. Oh, why did she ever speak harshly to him? She hurried down to her father, who had just come in, and explained that Bertie had been wrongfully imprisoned through her fault, and he must come round and get him out at once, without waiting for the carriage. One never knew what a wasted minute would mean in dealing with the swift, relentless fury of British Law.

Mr. Rowen was sceptical, but, as everybody assured him that Bertie had undoubtedly been marched off, he consented to go, and Eva insisted on going too. It was the least she could do in reparation. On the way, she had appalling visions of the hard bench, drunken criminals, bread-and-water, the tread-mill, oakum-picking, degradation, and penal servitude. And it was she who had given the order which had brought it all on!

They drove in a hansom to the dingy police-station. A constable said, Yes, there was a young gent who had been brought in that afternoon. For forgery, he thought; but, on looking up a large book, he found it was only for loitering. Then he remembered. Yes, of course, the Superintendent had declined to take the charge and had simply detained the man pending inquiries at the house he was alleged to have annoyed. Eva shuddered at hearing Bertie coldly referred to as "the man." Then she heard voices from the next room. Somebody—Was it Bertie? Yes, it *was* Bertie—cried, "Misery!"

Somebody else, with a brutal laugh, said "Double you!" Horror! Was this some torture? She clung to her father. "Misery on that hand!" said the other voice—the brutal one—with a fiendish chuckle. Was it thumb-screws?

"I'll tell 'im you're 'ere, sir," said the constable. He opened the door and looked into the room where Bertie, in an arm-chair, with a cigar in his mouth, was playing halfpenny nap with the Superintendent-in-Charge.

"Somebody to see you, sir."

"Right!" said Bertie, and came out. "Hullo, Eva!"

"Bertie!"

She rushed into his arms.

"Darling, how you must have suffered!"

He sighed. "It is all over now, dear. Let us forgive and forget. I was not altogether without blame myself."

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE regretted illness of Sir Henry Irving, just as he was about to start directing his rehearsals of "Dante" at Drury Lane, has, of course, caused the postponement of the production of this drama, which its author, the great Sardou, appears to regard as his *nagnum opus*. Sir Henry had, just before his illness,

Messrs. Harrison and Maude until after he has finished the play on which he is now engaged for production in due course at the Duke of York's.

Those who have been asserting both privately and in print that Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's play, "The Altar of Friendship," was to disappear from the Criterion stage last Saturday (the 4th inst.) did not speak by the cards. As we go to press, I am authoritatively informed that, after closing for Passion Week, the theatre will re-open with Mrs. Ryley's play in a somewhat revised form.

### ALGECIRAS AS A WINTER RESORT.

One of the places that is rising rapidly in British and American favour as a winter resort is Algeciras, in the South of Spain. It faces Gibraltar on one hand and Morocco on the other, and is the termination of the overland route from London to "The Rock." I have stayed there for a short time when I have had a journey to make into Spain, for the road to Cordova or Madrid, by the way of Bobadilla, is indescribably beautiful. The railway-line goes through scenery whose equal I cannot recall in any part of the world I have visited. Owing to the mildness of the climate, the winter's sojourners in Algeciras are able to picnic in this most delightful country, to cross to Gibraltar in half-an-hour, and to go direct to Ceuta or Tangier in three hours or so by sea. The town of Algeciras is pleasantly Spanish, with a leaven of Morocco, and has a little plaza with quite an imposing tower, and a Club where I have been most hospitably entertained. Now and again there is a bull-fight, which seems to attract Moors, Spaniards, and British with equal ease. I thought Malaga would be the most attractive winter resort in the South of Spain, but Algeciras has left it far behind in the race for popularity and is well equipped in every way for the travelling Briton who wishes to see Spain at its best.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY AS MISS NELLIE FARREN IN "THE LINKMAN,"  
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

selected for the date of this production April 23, which is not only the anniversary of the birthday of the Bard for whom Sir Henry has worked so lovingly and so loyally, but is also the date arranged for the offering at auction of the Lyceum Theatre, to which house our Leading Actor brought such prestige just after it had become quite a disdained playhouse. At the moment of writing, all sorts of statements are afloat as to the production of "Dante" taking place in April, but I have good grounds for assuring you that it is more than likely that this grandest of Sir Henry's productions cannot be expected until at least the first week in May.

Another "Dante" drama is the one by Mr. Alfred C. Calmour mentioned in *The Sketch* many months ago. I have now to say that this will not be seen in public until June 15, when it will be produced at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, a playhouse whereat many of the best "legitimate" dramas are from time to time presented—not only to Mancunians, but to many London playgoing enthusiasts who travel thereto.

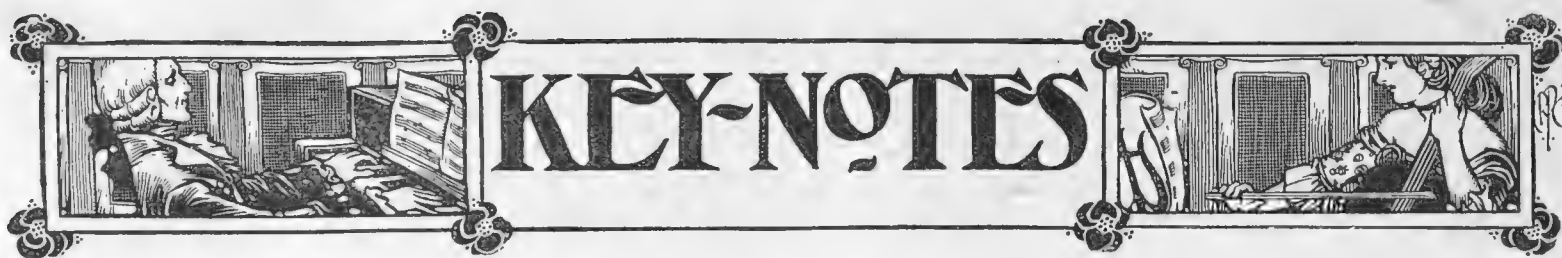
Speaking of these two "Dante" dramas reminds me that several other plays dealing more or less with matters concerning the Inferno are threatened. For example, there may be mentioned "The Darling of the Gods," the Japanese tragedy which Mr. Beerbohm Tree will produce at His Majesty's in due course; Mr. George Bernard Shaw's new "Don Juan" drama, the principal scene in which is laid in the Nether Regions; and another and still more audacious stage-play which will be, in due course, produced under the unabashed title of "Heaven and Hell."

Long ago I gave in these columns the first public intimation that Mr. Pinero had arranged to write a play for the Haymarket, and that it was to be a comedy and not by any means a problem-play. At the time of writing, I find that Mr. Pinero cannot deliver this comedy to



MISS MAY CONGDON, A CLEVER COMEDY ACTRESS.

Photograph by Savory, Scarborough.



AT the eleventh of the Broadwood Concerts at the St. James's Hall the other evening, the Brodsky Quartet (composed of Dr. Adolph Brodsky, Mr. Rawdon Briggs, Mr. Simon Speelman, and Mr. Carl Fuchs) played Beethoven's Posthumous Quartet in F Major. We did not consider their rendering of the great Master's work to be on the very highest level, though the latter part of the third movement was most beautifully interpreted; but in the "Allegretto" they gave one the idea of pretending to realise the greatness of the work, and pretence goes far on the way towards significance. Mr. Francis Braun was the vocalist of the evening and sang two songs with much distinction. Mr. Henry Bird was the accompanist.

The last of the present series of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts was given the other evening at the Queen's Hall. The opening piece was Mr. Arthur Hervey's Concert Overture, "Youth," conducted by the composer and given for the first time in London. It is a most delicate piece of work and shows that Mr. Hervey is in his way a very idyllic musician. Mr. Gordon Tanner played the violin part in Beethoven's Concerto for that instrument and orchestra. Mr. Tanner most certainly did not please us; he did not seem to realise the beauty and poetry of the work he had undertaken to interpret; he was lacking in breadth and very often strayed from the right pitch. M. Emile Sauer played the pianoforte part in his Concerto for that instrument and orchestra, given on this occasion for the first time in England. M. Sauer proved himself to be a master of melodrama in composition, in the same way as he is a player; parts were commonplace, parts were most effective, and parts were pretty. Mr. Frederic Cowen conducted the concert (with the exception of Mr. Arthur Hervey's Overture) with all his usual skill. Mr. Cowen is a conductor who knows exactly what effects he wants from his orchestra and how to get them. Madame Rosa Olitzka sang Max Bruch's "Aus der Tiefe des Grames" with distinction and intelligence.

On Saturday afternoon, at the Queen's Hall, Herr Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" was allotted its third performance in England at the Symphony Concerts under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood, Herr Hans Wessely taking the solo-violin part. The work, as we have before had occasion to say in these columns, fills us with enthusiasm by reason of its amazing vitality, its marvellous contrasts, and its great strength. One may single out the wonderful "Battlefield" section, which was played by Mr. Wood's band most magnificently, realising as it did the Hero emerging triumphant after fighting his adversaries without quarter. Then

the final tone-picture was again played under Mr. Henry Wood in a most masterly fashion; one realised now how great a work this was, and how noble in its fulfilment it appeared. Herr Hans Wessely played exceedingly well. The "Siegfried Idyll" was also given on this occasion, and, played under Mr. Henry Wood, showed the conductor quite in his best manner.

Mr. Herbert Fryer gave his second and last pianoforte recital a few days ago at the St. James's Hall. He played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B-flat Minor without any emotion whatever, indulging in a persistent monotony, and making one feel that he had quite missed the composer's infinite variety. In Brahms's "Variations on a Theme of Paganini" he showed more versatility in the rendering at the very end. In Schumann's Sonata in F-sharp Minor he again appeared to make the work as colourless as possible. Miss Violet Myers sang Garat's "Dans le Printemps" very charmingly, and also Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds."

Mr. Henry R. Bird's morning concert on Thursday at St. James's Hall was a very great success, inasmuch as most excellent artists gathered round the well-known accompanist, to prove their appreciation of one who, in his own way, has done more at the St. James's Hall for the personally successful interpretation of individual singers than probably any man living. Lady Hallé and Mr. Leonard Borwick played the Kreutzer Sonata (Beethoven) with extreme delicacy, but scarcely

with that passion which we expect from a ripe and full interpretation of that extraordinary work. Mr. Santley sang Handel's "Nascere al Bosco" with fine spirit, and he further surpassed himself in his singing of "The Erlking"; he was, of course, encored, and gave Hatton's "To Anthea," which he sang with amazing fire and zest. It only remains to add that Mrs. Henry Wood, accompanied by Mr. Henry Wood, sang Mr. Percy Pitt's "A Song of Farewells" very beautifully. Mr. Leonard Borwick played Mozart's charming Andante and Variations, originally composed for a clockwork instrument, and arranged for pianoforte solo by the player.

Miss Hélène Johner made her first appearance at Steinway Hall as a pianist last Wednesday afternoon. She played Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" with no great distinction; she seemed to us more inclined to indulge in her own fancies than to realise the composer's meaning. In Wagner's "Fire-Music" from "Die Walküre" she showed none of the orchestral feeling which is almost a necessity to those who essay to interpret this music on the pianoforte.

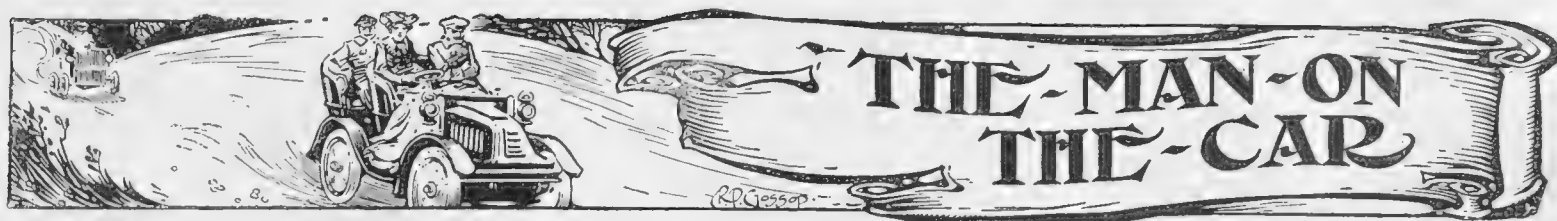
COMMON CHORD.



MISS GERTRUDE BRANSCOMBE, ON TOUR IN "FLORODORA."

Photograph by Barraud, Bold Street, Liverpool.





*The Star Car for the Gordon Bennett Race—Red Lights—The Disaster at Nice.*

TWO days before the closing of the Automobile Show at the Agricultural Hall, the Star Gordon Bennett trial car was shown by its plucky constructors, the Star Motor Company, of Wolverhampton. Compared with the first Napier Gordon Bennett crack, to which I referred at some length last week, the Star certainly fills the eye to a larger degree. The Gordon Bennett cars may not kick the beam at an ounce over a thousand kilogrammes, which, to be exact, is equal to 19 cwt. 2 qr. 16 lb. English, so that, in turning the scale at twenty pounds below this weight, it will be seen that its constructors have made the utmost use of the material at their disposition. When the light aluminium bonnet is removed, the engine presents a very imposing and powerful appearance with its four detached cylinders and massive crank-chamber. For the benefit of my readers who are more or less automobile-wise, I may say that the stroke of this 70 horse-power

appear elsewhere than on the back of automobiles; they are even displayed upon railway level-crossing gates when the latter are closed to the common traffic of the highways. In connection with such a display, a rumour is abroad to the effect that a powerful motor-car bearing a most exalted personage to town a few nights ago crashed into and carried away certain level-crossing gates not a hundred miles from Colnbrook, the driver of the automobile having mistaken the red lamp on the gate for the tail-light of a car which he imagined he was rapidly overtaking.

The inner circles of automobilism, both in France and in this country, have been much chastened by the terrible accident last Wednesday in the Nice—La Turbie hill-climbing contest. Count Zborowski was well known on both sides of the Channel, while his



MR. ARTHUR COLLINS ON HIS EIGHT HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

*Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.*

motor is six inches, while the internal diameter of each cylinder is of the same dimensions. When this engine is running at what is termed its normal speed, the fly-wheel, which is ninety pounds in weight, rotates at a thousand revolutions per minute, and, when the engine is accelerated by a full opening of the throttle-valve and the igniting electric-spark advanced as far as possible, the engine will run at fifteen hundred revolutions per minute.

For reasons best known to the astute lawyers who drafted the Light Locomotives Bill of 1896, which, as all automobilists know, is the measure under which they are permitted to tear through the country at the furious speed of a well-driven four-wheeled cab, automobiles are obliged to display a red light to the rear as well as white lights forward so soon as the sun has sunk below the horizon one hour. It was only natural that those responsible for the Bill should insert such a clause, knowing as they do full well that the smart cattle they own would whirl them home o' nights at a speed considerably in excess of this, so that their Jehus might pass the legally controlled motor-car with safety. But red lights

companion, Count Albert de Pallange, was an esteemed member of French automobile society. In Count Zborowski England loses one of her most fearless drivers, and just who the Automobile Club will find to replace him in the Gordon Bennett Cup event it is hard to say at the moment. Count Zborowski's pluck was unquestioned; indeed, it is suggested that, if he drove an automobile with all the fearlessness with which he was wont to put his specially trained cattle at wire when hunting with various packs in the Midlands, sooner or later the crash must have come. Alas, it came only too soon, and, strange to say, over a course with the dangers of which he must have been acquainted, seeing that he won in the same event in the touring class last year, when he steered a 28 horse-power Cannstadt Daimler Touring Car to victory, ascending the hill at something considerably over thirty-seven miles per hour. So much has been made of this most regrettable incident in the columns of the newspapers that the accident is likely to react upon the progress of the movement. It should, however, be borne in mind that, had this unfortunate gentleman met his death in the hunting-field, the fatality would have been passed almost unnoticed.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Bank Holiday Meetings—The Classics—City and Suburban—Trainers.*

THERE will be quite a score of meetings held on Bank Holiday under Jockey Club Rules and the National Hunt Code, and backers should go quietly, as good jockeys will be at a premium, while many of the horses running may be out to get weight off only. It is a marvellous fact that five out of six of the first favourites get beaten on big holidays, though it should be added that the little punters generally come off all right, as they go for long prices. The chief fixture on Easter Monday will be the Kempton Park Meeting, and I am sorry to see the racing confined to a single day; but I suppose the Jockey Club would not allow Kempton to clash with Newmarket on the Tuesday. The Queen's Prize should bring out a big field of good handicap performers, and the winner may take a lot of finding, as the handicapper has done his work well. St. Maclou, who on paper had a big chance, has been scratched. I am told that Sam Darling intends to win this race. He has Port Blair, Rose Blair, Valiant, and Maori Chieftain left in, and the pick of this lot should go very close. I think Maori Chieftain will be Darling's best, and he may have most to fear from Royal Ivy, who, I take it, will be the best of Mr. Rothschild's. Nabot, I think, is unreliable, and seemingly Pollion is only moderate.

We shall soon get some genuine betting on the Two Thousand Guineas. It is said Sir James Miller has decided to run Rock Sand with Martin up for the first classic of the year, as Maher will ride Flotsam. In that case, Rock Sand should win, if he can beat Rabelais, who is owned by Lord Wolverton. I presume that Mead will be reserved for the Derby, and, as I have said before, the King's colt ought to win easily if he has made the improvement that has been claimed for him. He is bred to stay and to go fast, and I am told he has wintered well and has grown into a lovely colt. I have not heard who is to ride Mead, but I expect Herbert Jones, who was so successful on Diamond Jubilee, will be given the mount. Jones is a capable rider, and he does not lose his head in a tight finish, which is a lot in his favour. He does not get much riding in public, but his average of wins last year was a good one. It should be noted that Baroness La Flèche is going great guns in her work. She will be ridden by Madden in her races this year.

There should soon be some lively speculation over the City and Suburban, which is generally one of the best betting races of the spring. Owners dearly love to see their colours carried at Epsom, and the field on April 22 will, I expect, be quite up to the average. The American crack three-year-old, Acefull, who had been well backed in the Continental lists, has been struck out of the race—I presume, because he has an engagement in the Derby. Of the three-year-olds left in the City and Suburban, Smilax and Uninsured may be dangerous if they go to the post, but there is a doubt in the case of the first-named, as her owner, Mrs. Langtry, is at present touring in the States. I think Uninsured is bound to go close. He is trained by Fallon at Netheravon and is certain to be fit by the day of the race. Someone has backed Duke of Westminster, who could have no chance on his last year's running. John Porter has had no end of trouble with Mr. G. Faber's colt, but he may have him to his liking at last; still, I should not advise his being supported until he had done something in public to retrieve his character. I do not pay much attention to the Lincoln Handicap running, as the time was terribly slow, and, even with the services of an apprentice, I would not fancy Over Norton's chance here. As I have before stated, I think the race a good thing for Pekin, who ran well over the course as a two-year-old and who can go fast when in the humour. He won the Sandown Foal Stakes last year running away, and with Madden in the saddle I think he would go well over the Epsom gradients.

There are trainers and trainers. Some of the men who prepare horses for their engagements are enterprising to a degree. They work early and late, never neglect their business, and are always ready and eager to adopt the latest methods with a view to benefitting their employers. But there are others who think of little else than eating and drinking and finding new employers with plenty of money. I think trainers should be made to pass an examination before being allowed by the Jockey Club to start in business. Further, they should be deprived of their licences unless they showed good results after getting to their work. The time has arrived to prove to the world that the racecourse is not entirely for the trainer, jockey, bookmaker, and professional backer.

CAPTAIN COE.



"SHAMROCK III," SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW YACHT, STRETCHING HER CANVAS.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

BY the old seventeenth-century superstition it was written down lucky to wear "something new, something blue, and something borrowed" on one's marriage morn, while Easter Day, in a lesser degree, was supposed to influence fate by the wearing of a fresh possession. So, whether it was only a waist-band or a brand-new

tags of green velvet were run, I rejoiced that voile yet remains in the catalogue of fineries that are.

It is a noticeable fact that each year as one goes into Society the taste for quantities of jewellery seems to grow. Not alone does everybody seem to wear more than she ever did before, but the very size of these ornaments is obviously increased. Tiaras, brooches, necklaces are all of larger size, as they are of distinctly more artistic design than before. The reason of this lies in the fact of our improved taste. Instead of setting diamonds closely together within the ugly outlines of the "park paling" necklet or the "fender" tiara as before, the stones are set apart in delicate tracery of gold or platinum that rivals the cobweb daintinesses of fine lace. This universal resurrection of taste from the Victorian Slough of Despond in which, amongst the rest, dress, decoration, and personal ornament were long buried, is largely due, as far as jewellery is concerned, to the artistic efforts of the Parisian Diamond Company. Those even who had never visited their several charming salons were familiar with their achievements through the medium of the various journals where exquisite examples of gem-setting appeared week by week. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that the present renaissance in the art of the jewel-worker is very largely due to the education in refined and exquisite design which the Parisian Diamond Company has given its world-wide audiences for years. Our illustration on the next page emphasises this truth very fully, the corsage-ornament, waist-buckle, and pendant being each examples of style.

Touching the perennial subject of blouses, which, whatever fashions come and go, always remain with us, I find myself subjugated, to the



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME GOWN OF SATIN AND TULLE WITH RIBBONS OF PINK VELVET.

brocade kirtle, belles of bygone days provided dainty, unworn effects for the Feast of Easter with an unvarying fervour of harmless vanity. Although seasons have changed and May Day no more makes muslin frocks a climatic necessity, the modern maid likes to preen her plumage in our thin spring sunshine no less well, and at the present moment both the new coats and hats come in for a large share of impassioned argument and admiration.

Novelty is more discernible in the former just now than in our latest millinery, and the newest coats in pale fawn, with rich embroideries, laces, and ornaments, are consequently the dominant chiffons of the hour. Buttons are profusely used both on coats and costumes, many being really works of art and proportionately costly. The meaningless metal tags of last Season have departed this life, but in their stead the early Victorian passementerie pendants have come to live amongst us, and every fashionable frock is cascaded with drooping arrangements in silk, cord, strass, or beads variously. Moreover, the new grey and champagne-coloured coarse laces, matching the pale tintings of the season's cloth gowns, are exceedingly *chic*. A fact one realises with gratitude when looking over the new materials is that voile has not departed from our midst. No other stuff, except thinnest summer muslin, shares its graceful transparency, which is so heightened by the *dessous* of gaily tinted silk. It is warm, light, and drapes gracefully, so when I was introduced to a moss-green voile built by Ernest this week, lined with ruddy-brown oak-leaf taffetas, and set forth with gold filigree buttons through which



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL LINEN FROCK FOR THE COUNTRY.

exclusion of all other stuffs, by those fine printed flannels which are descriptively called "Orlwoola" and further introduced as "absolutely unshrinkable." For spring shirts and blouses nothing could be prettier than the delightful combinations of colour which these

sublimated flannels show. One with vieux-rose and touches of black and pale green, another in soft mauve with a Persian design of black, white, and grey, and a third in pale green with pin-points of white and a "Paisley" pattern of pinks and blues, were all three ideal colourings for dainty "waists," as the Americans have it.

Young housewives on an allowance the reverse of unlimited will find that, when butter is one-and-eightpence a pound and new-laid eggs half-a-crown for twelve, the distresses of making ends meet will be greatly ameliorated by the use of the wholesome, convenient, and inexpensive Bird's Custard Powder. It makes excellent puddings, trifle, and with all kinds of fruit is very acceptable—just as in cake-making Bird's Egg Powder is so invaluable. A newly married friend confided to me lately that she found eggs at *sixteen a shilling* were quite good enough for cooking. I said nothing but thought somewhat, and never, never shall I eat anything beyond bread-and-butter in that house again. When one thinks of the venerable horrors retailed at such prices—eggs that have stood the battle and the breeze for months, and are, in fact, as Dan Leno says, only fit for elections—one's soul is sad at the guilelessness of young housekeepers. Now, with Bird's Custard Powder, one has at least the comforting reflection that cakes and pastry are clean and wholesome.

Though bluff and blustering March has betaken himself elsewhere, his sweet similitude, the wind that blows from the east, remains, and, like Mrs. Micawber, does not seem inclined to desert us. Chapped hands, excoriated lips, crimson nose-tips, and other graceful trifles of the kind naturally follow in its wake. To confound the east wind's politics, many pigments and unguents have been tried. One of the best is "Malloween." The healing Marsh Mallow plays a large part in its manufacture, and, without being in the least a greasy emollient, which most people dislike, it is very effectual in its action on the most harassed cuticle.

SVBIL.

#### EASTER RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway Company announce that the special cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 9 to 12, available for return on April 12, 13, and 14. To-morrow, April 9, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe, via Newhaven, will be run from London by the special day express service, and to-day, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by the night express service. Special cheap tickets, London to Dieppe, will be issued to-morrow, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, available for return up to and including Tuesday, April 14. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, trains at day excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, &c.; and special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth, Hayling Island, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight. Their West-End Offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—and the City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, will

remain open until 10 p.m. to-day, Thursday, and Saturday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that for the Easter holidays special excursion tickets will be issued to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. to-day (April 8), Friday, and Saturday, and by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services on Thursday, April 9. They will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. each evening from to-day to Saturday inclusive, via Dover and Calais, returning from Paris at 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or 9 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, returning on Easter Monday. Many other special facilities are given for trips to the Continent, and the home arrangements include cheap return-tickets to the numerous towns and pleasure resorts on their system. Full particulars are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

Souvenir post-cards illustrating scenes from the principal plays now being performed in the Metropolis are the order of the day, and ardent collectors will be glad to learn that the Rotary Photographic Company, Limited, of New Union Street, Moorfields, E.C., are issuing an attractive series of souvenir cards of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson in "The Light that Failed." This is one of a series of picture post-cards issued from this house.



NEW ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 15.*

## ETRUSCAN COPPER.

THE meeting of this Company, while it showed the enthusiasm of the shareholders, did very little to clear up the position. We confess that Mr. Earle's speech has rather shaken than reinforced our faith. History in these matters has a nasty habit of repeating itself, and we have got so accustomed to Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Whitaker Wright satisfying shareholders with fiery denunciations of wicked bears, who always bribe the Press to assist them, and vague talk of millions of tons of payable ore, that when we found this, and this only, to be Mr. Earle's stock-in-trade, we wondered if his enterprise will end in the same way as Northern Terrors, Associated Financial, or London and Globe.

## MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY.

When the late Mr. Gustave Mellin died at the beginning of this year, the Preference shares of both Mellin's Food, Limited, and of the subsidiary Australian and New Zealand Company dropped a trifle; not that there was any fear of Mr. Mellin's shares in either Company coming on the market, but because the one purchaser who was always willing to buy any odd lot which might be for sale, could no longer come to the rescue. The shares of both Companies quoted upon the Stock Exchange and dealt in there, are 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference, and the dividend on the Australian Company's shares is also guaranteed by the parent Company for twenty years from April 1898, so that it is secured not only on the Australian profits, but upon the English profits as well, and in priority to the Preference dividend of the English Company.

For many years the profits of Mellin's Food, Limited, have been enough to pay its Preference share dividend rather more than four times over, and, by arrangements made since the death of the late Mr. Mellin, the Company has acquired from his executors the whole of the North American royalties, hitherto his exclusive property, and which have been steadily increasing until, for 1902, they amounted to £6000. Strangely enough, the public has never appreciated the fact that the Australian Company's shares are even more secure than those of the parent Company, and within the last three months parcels have changed hands at 17s. 9d., but at par or below the 6 per cent. Cumulative shares of either Company appear to us a very cheap investment purchase, into which any of our readers may put their money and obtain a good rate of interest with reasonable safety.

## OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We are again indebted to the Mantraim (Wassau) Limited for the photograph we reproduce this week. This Company's mine is within two miles of the railway-station at Tarkwa, with which it is connected by a light mono-rail line. We hope to give some views of this line and of the mine itself in a future issue.

## THE PSYCHICAL FINANCE SOCIETY.—SÉANCE No. 2.

If we rightly remember, you expressed a wish to accompany us on a future visit to the séances of the Psychical Finance Society. Having met you at this, relatively speaking, unearthly hour in Throgmorton Street, we may as well confess to being on our way to the mysterious room on the top-floor where the financial future is unravelled, and, if you care to accompany us this evening, we shall be pleased to take you up there again.

These old staircases are the terror of glossy Stock Exchange hats, but the landlords absolutely decline to do anything to their property for the present, pending developments at which they hint darkly, the said developments having been on the carpet for the past decade at least. So mind your head and dodge the holes in the stairs as well as you can for the darkness. Long way up, isn't it? They say that some members of the House like to get as near to Heaven as they can in the meantime, but you've got to take Stock Exchange jokes as you find them. This is capital exercise, you know, and here we are at the door. We slip the queerly coloured ticket into the letter-box and are at once admitted.

You remember this soft light that fills the apartment, of course? At your last visit there was no opportunity to do more than glance round the map-covered walls, but we are earlier this evening and can study the general appearances better. Notice, for instance, that chart over there showing the position of the great Cable Companies. It is peculiarly interesting in view of the Marconi scare just now. The Anglo-American Telegraph concern has a reserve fund of very nearly a million sterling.

If you turn up your paper, you will see the 6 per cent. Preferred stock quoted about 90 or 91. Marconiography seems pretty well discounted in that, don't you think? Yes, of course, the stock is a good speculative investment. So is Eastern Telegraph Ordinary, the figures relating to which are tucked into the corner underneath the Anglo group. The Company has paid 7 per cent. for years and will continue to do so for as many more, in our opinion. Oh, of course, there's a certain element of risk about it, otherwise you would not see the price as low as 120. Without wishing—

The little room has filled and every chair is taken. Even the whispered conversation becomes suspended as total darkness falls quietly over the assemblage. The sound of breathing is all that can be heard, and the silence grows impressive. One minute, two minutes pass, and each seems an age. Almost as the strain begins to feel intolerable, the crystal ball flashes its clear dead white into the centre of the circle, emitting no beams of light, self-contained, dazzling, unearthly.

Certainly there is a touch of the weird about these financial séances, and for a while not even the oldest member of the Society appears to care to put the preliminary question. Finally, however, the query comes—

"Can Consols go to 85?"

It is a demand which springs from the lips of seven investors out of every ten, and it is usually met with a hesitating, hedging reply.

The ball becomes eclipsed for the fraction of a second, then blazes forth again. The golden letters stand forth, clear-cut—

—No. Consols will go to 87: not to 85.—

"Don't see much difference," growls an honest doubter under his breath. But other people will. The doubter summons up sufficient courage to put the next riddle—

"Will Consols ever go to 111 again?"

Darkness again: then the clear white light and the golden characters, saying—

—Not in the present generation. But wait for 95.—

Thereupon two simultaneous inquirers put different questions, and, as usual, the ball burns on without alteration. Both voices die away into stubborn silence, and a cheerful baritone asks—

"Are Etruscans any good or are they valueless?"

A slight thrill of expectation passes through the men present, and chairs suddenly creak as if those seated on them bend forward to see more distinctly. There is nothing halting about the answer—

—Etruscans are worth holding.—

"I'll tell old What's-his-name that to-morrow in the market," soliloquises a member aloud, leaning back again. And then he puts a question on his own account.

"May I ask for a reasonable Egyptian gamble?"

—Egyptian Mines Exploration or United African Exploration. Both highly speculative— is burning in the dazzling ball, which in another moment is again dark, pending reply to a demand as to the future value of Hudson's Bay shares. The figure 50 appears without more than a second's pause. Questions begin to be asked two or three at a time, but elicit no response. At last a single voice is heard—

"Will American Rails improve?"

—In the immediate future, yes. But not for long,— says the golden-worded oracle again. Its brilliancy, however, seems to wane. It is dying away, and soon the chamber fills once more with its first pale light. Quietly the members take their departure. "You will share our cab as far as The Sketch Office? Good." And we are in the Strand long before a satisfactory solution of the psychical financial puzzle presents itself.

## THE COMING OF KAFFIRS.

Numerous indications may be found to justify the faith of those who are pinning their hopes to a revival in Kaffir shares after Easter. Of course, it is usual enough for the Stock Exchange to post-date all anticipation of better business, but, apart from the inseparable optimism clinging to the average member of the Stock Exchange, reasons may readily be advanced, at all events, for the statement that there are substantial grounds upon which to base a rise. For one thing, the



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TARKWA, WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

labour difficulty is gradually, albeit very gradually, settling itself in the way which we months ago suggested would have to be the case. Even supposing that the magnates are not strong enough to gain their wish for the employment of Asiatic labour, it would appear as if the supply of Kaffir "boys" would speedily increase. Incidentally, it may be doubted very strongly whether the big houses could not get their wishes gratified as regards Chinese workmen if they chose, and quite possibly they may choose even yet. But whether they do so or not, the output from the Rand shows an expansion which can have only a good influence upon the share market, and it is now time to consider what are the best shares to buy in order to have an interest in South Africans before the real rise sets in.

#### A FEW EXAMPLES.

After all, none of the new things which have been introduced with such frequency during the last three months come up to the old favourites. Cloverfield shares, for instance, may be looked upon as much dearer than Anglo-French, although the price of the latter is half as much again as that of the former. Anglo-French shares, now that they are ex-dividend, again have a cheap look, and they may be bought pretty safely for a ten-shilling rise. Randfontein command a large following in times of activity, and the only thing against them is the huge capital of the Company and the somewhat curious dislike that the public seems to have taken to the group of which the Randfontein Company may be called the leader. No doubt such a sentimental drawback would disappear upon any fresh activity in the market. Or, among the outcrops, Heriots can be safely recommended both as regards dividend prospects and anticipations of a rise in capital value; while "Knights," although more speculative, have a good deal to recommend them. As to the Finance Companies of another group, the prospects of "Johnnies" and Barnato Consols were concisely summed up in the last letter which we published from our Johannesburg correspondent a fortnight ago. General Mining and Finance are dividend-paying shares, and, of course, the Company is supported by strong hands and it should do very well in the future. These are just a few hints as to the shares which may be expected to move in the event of the market developing any new strength after Easter.

#### CANADIAN RAILS.

Grand Trunk stocks, while they have thrown off to a large extent their allegiance to Yankees, are still slightly affected by the news that comes over from New York. Without going so far as to suggest that the immediate course of Trunks depends upon Yankees, we must admit that there is a certain connection between the two that must be taken into account in considering the prospects of the Trunk Market. Yankees, for the time being, look as if they would harden, provided that the Southern Pacific difficulty is arranged without producing such an upset to public confidence as followed upon the historic conflict which occurred over the Northern Pacific. Probably Wall Street leaders would not permit such folly to wreck their schemes in other American Railway directions. Probability points rather to the likelihood of Yankees being made better in order to entice the public to enter the market. If this should be the case, then Trunks and Canadas may both be expected to benefit largely from a firm tone in the Wall Street specialities. It is clear, too, that the Montreal financial troubles are practically over, and that the bountiful traffics secured by the Canadian lines will induce a fresh wave of bullishness on the part of the public when the monthly statements take a turn for the better. That they will do this before very long is assured; unless, that is to say, the traffics should fall off to an alarming extent. Coal has undoubtedly been the cause of the disappointment suffered by stockholders in both Companies for the first two months of the present year. With the coming of warmer weather, it may be confidently hoped that the price of fuel will decline to an extent which shall be appreciable in the Companies' statements. Bull operations in either Canadas or Trunks should certainly show a profit before the end of the half-year.

Saturday, April 4, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CUCKOO.—As to the Brewery, it is expected that the full 7 per cent. will be paid in June on the Income Bonds. It has been paid for the last three years.

G. G.—The Explosive shares are a fair speculative investment and return a good percentage on present price of about 25s. per share.

R. L.—You are not the only Bank victim. It would not be very easy to sell the shares, and, if they were our own, we should hold them on the chance of getting out in a year or two. There does not seem much hope of anything worth speaking about being pulled out of the fire, but the danger of calls is remote.

PADDY.—The Bank is a sort of money-lending, bill-of-sale institution. It would not be good enough for our own money. You had far better buy some good Industrial share, such as Mellin's Food or Lady's Pictorial Preference.

PERPLEXED.—Gas Light and Coke stock has depreciated because the profits have fallen off, the reserve fund has been drawn upon, and the consumption of gas has decreased. At the bottom of it all is bad management. We do not advise you to sell at present, for it looks as if bottom has been touched or nearly so.

SANDY.—See this week's Notes. Have nothing to do with the touts whose circular you send us.

D. H. A.—We have not room to give a list of shares and prices, but, if any person interested asks us the price of your stock, we shall be only too pleased to give him a reply in our Correspondence column, and to get the latest dealing quotation for him.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Easter holidays, we have to go to press early next week. Will correspondents kindly bear this in mind if they fail to get answers?

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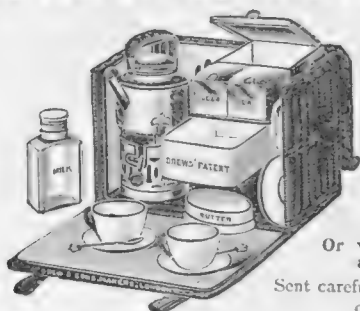
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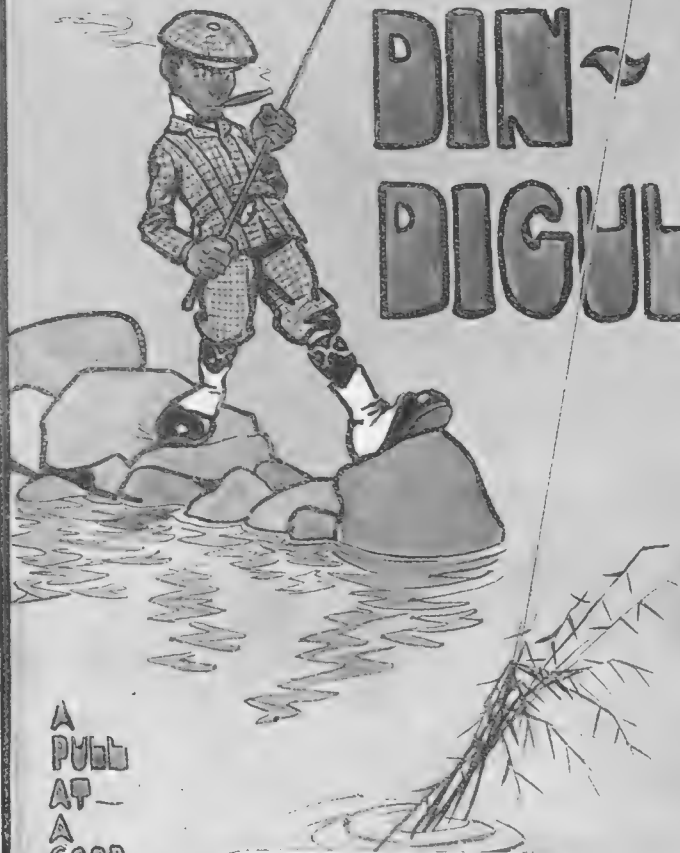
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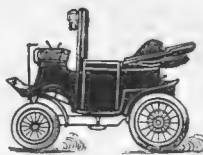
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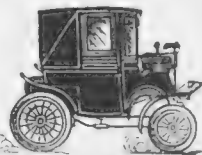
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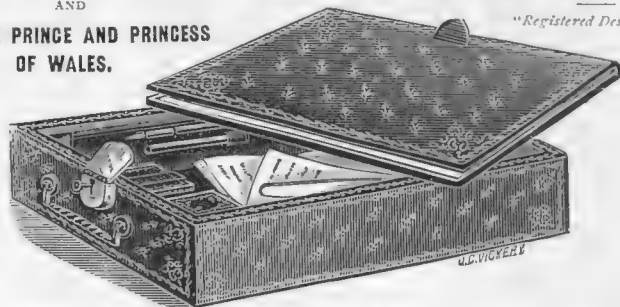
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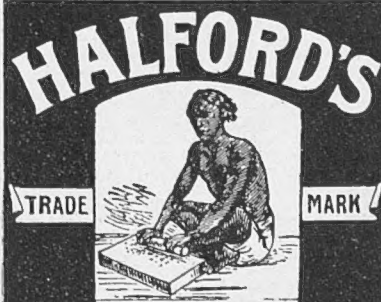
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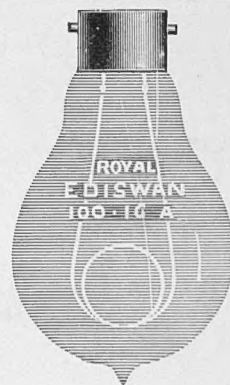
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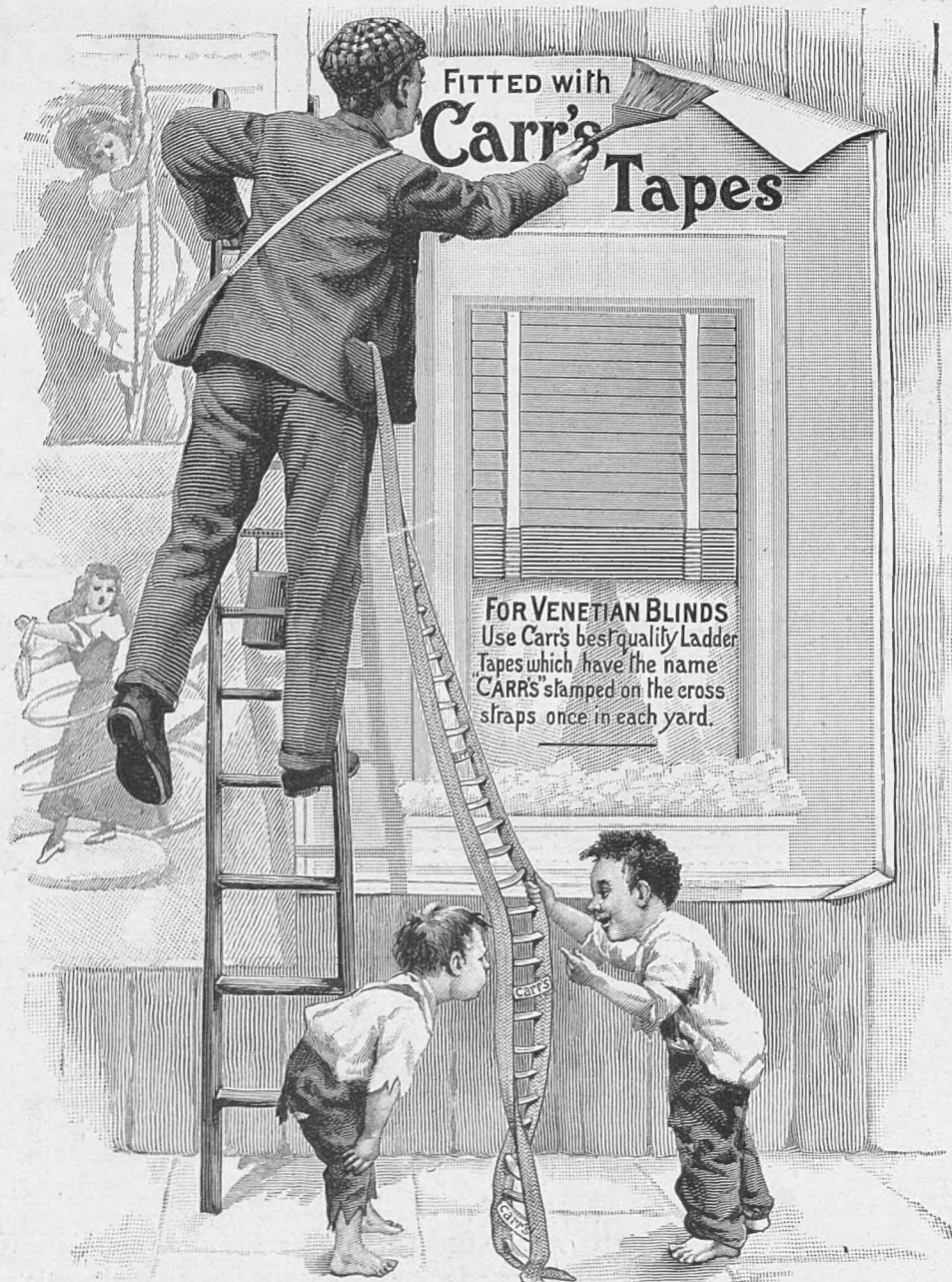
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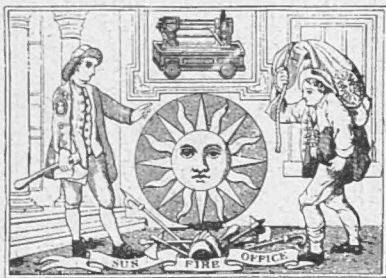
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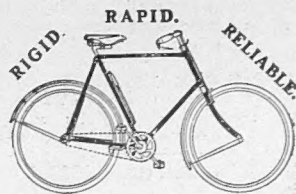
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